

SPRING 1989

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

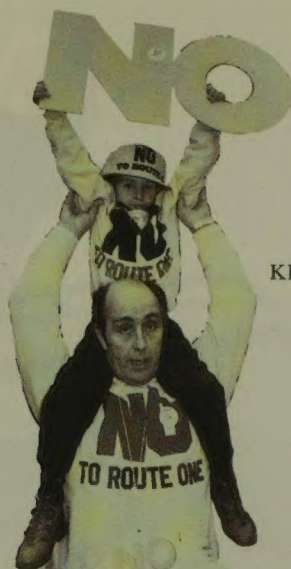




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COUNTRY OF ORIGIN - SCOTLAND NOTED FOR
ITS CHARACTER AND DISTINGUISHED APPEARANCE



Quality in an age of change.



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COVER: TOWER OF LONDON IN SPRING
Specially painted for the *ILN* by John
Brunsdon. The City of London celebrates the
800th anniversary of the Mayoralty (see
Spring Matters, p 114).



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by yesterday's
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GROSVENOR HOUSE
PARK LANE - LONDON

Spring, 1989
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STATEMENT FROM THE PROPRIETOR

The Illustrated London News Partnership was established in 1985 to acquire the *ILN* and *Natural World* from the International Thomson Organisation. The Partnership now also publishes *Orient-Express Magazine*, *Prestige Magazine*, *Connections* and *Island Visitor*.

The *ILN* commenced publication in 1842 and for the better part of the 19th and early years of the 20th century enjoyed enormous popularity because it was able regularly to reproduce illustrations when the newspapers could not. Even when the newspapers were able to introduce photographs, the *ILN* prospered because of the depth of its pictorial coverage. By the 1950s television began to make great inroads into the territory of pictorial news magazines and the *ILN* started to decline. In 1971 Thomson found it necessary to reduce publication from weekly to monthly. Since then the *ILN* has been seeking to find a new readership. Competition for advertising against the weekend magazines of the UK quality newspapers has become intense. We experimented with a new Editor who wrote and commissioned interesting and often controversial articles, but this approach was competitive with the British Sunday press and I discovered that "controversial" can be distasteful.

As these events were unfolding we were finding that our Partnership's lifestyle magazines were going from strength to strength. These magazines concentrate on discriminating travel, food, fashion, nature subjects, archaeology etc, always with extensive and beautiful pictorial coverage and written

by the best authors in their respective fields. We then thought it would be appropriate to combine the best traditional *ILN* subjects with articles which were proving so successful in these other magazines, and the result is the first issue now in front of you. We will publish in this format four times a year.

The Royal Year and Christmas numbers of the *ILN* have always been successful extra issues each year, and they will henceforth both be sent to subscribers, giving them in total six issues of the *ILN* each year. Starting with the Royal Year issue this summer we shall be delivering an improved magazine in the great pictorial tradition of the *ILN*. The Christmas number will be equally enhanced.

The present issue of the *ILN* is the largest published in recent years, with 116 pages. We expected little advertising support for the first effort in our new format but it came anyway on the strength of our description.

The cover of the *ILN* will no longer be a photograph. It will be original artwork of leading British artists, reflecting London and British scenes of topical or seasonal interest. There will be no more clutter of article descriptions on our covers.

I hope you will enjoy the new *ILN*. I welcome your suggestions on how to improve it further. Please write to me at 20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF.

JAMES BSHERWOOD

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

JANUARY 4

Two American fighter jets shot down two Libyan MiGs over the Mediterranean in what the Libyan leader, Colonel Gaddafi, called an act of "premeditated aggression". US Defence Secretary, Frank Carlucci, said the jets had fired in self-defence and claimed the shooting had no connection with US charges that Libya was building a chemical weapons plant at Rabitah, or with President Reagan's refusal to rule out the possibility of an air strike on the plant.

JANUARY 7

European Hirohito of Japan died at the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, aged 87. Bedridden since September 1988, he had been suffering from duodenal cancer. He was immediately succeeded by his 54-year-old son, Crown Prince Akihito. See pp 10-11.

JANUARY 8

At the 140-nation conference on chemical weapons in Paris, the Soviet Union's Foreign Minister, Eduard Shevardnadze declared that, rather than wait for a global ban, his country would begin unilaterally to destroy its chemical weapons stock this year.

44 people were killed and 82 injured when a Boeing 737 airline crashed into a tank on the M1 near the village of Kegworth in Leicestershire. The plane, on a flight from Heathrow to Belfast, broke up when the pilot, Kevin Hunt, attempted an emergency landing at East Midlands airport after reporting engine trouble. Captain Hunt sustained serious back injuries. Amid speculation about the cause of the disaster—human error was blamed first, and then faulty wiring—the plane's engines were sent to their manufacturer, the General Electric/Snecma factory in Melun, France, for examination by experts. A wiring fault in a plane owned by the charter airline Air 2002 was revealed on January 15, following tests on British 753s ordered by the CAA.

JANUARY 13

The first meeting between a British Government Minister and

a representative of the PLO took place in a villa outside Tunis. Foreign Office Minister, William Waldegrave, held talks for four hours with PLO chairman, Yasser Arafat, and backed the PLO's proposal for an international conference on Middle Eastern peace.

JANUARY 14

Copies of Salman Rushdie's novel *The Satanic Verses*, which was shortlisted for both the Booker Prize and Whitbread Award, were withdrawn from two branches of W. H. Smith in Bradford following its ritual burning by local Muslims who claimed it was blasphemous. "This is a very sad day, not only for me, but for English literature," said Rushdie. See p 12.

JANUARY 15

In Bangladesh, 170 people were killed and 1,000 injured when a passenger train and a mail train collided 20 miles north of Dhaka.

JANUARY 16

The Home Secretary, Douglas Hurd, told the Commons that the Guildford Four who were sentenced to life imprisonment 13 years ago for pub bombings in Guildford and Woolwich in 1974, would be given a free hearing by the Court of Appeal. He said evidence suggested that one of the four, Carole Richardson, had been given the drug, pethidine, before making her confession and that this, together with the fact that she was suffering from barbiturate withdrawal, affected the reliability of her statements. New alibi witnesses had also come forward for two of the four.

JANUARY 17

Six children at Cleveland Elementary School in Stockton, California, were shot dead and another 35 injured when a man burst into the playground and opened fire with an automatic rifle. After the attack, the gunman, 26-year-old Patrick Purdy, a former pupil, shot himself.

JANUARY 18

In an early-morning raid 50 police and immigration officers broke into the Church of the Ascension in Hulme, Manchester

RETREAT FROM AFGHANISTAN

On February 15 the Soviet Union completed its withdrawal from Afghanistan. 200 soldiers in 60 armoured personnel carriers crossed Friendship Bridge on the Oxus river and passed into Soviet Uzbekistan. The last man to leave, General Boris Gromov, made the final part of the crossing on foot.

The soldiers' departure marked the end of Russia's nine-year and 50-day occupation which began with the airlift of troops into Afghanistan at Christmas, 1979. On December 27 during a Soviet-backed coup in Kabul, President Hafizullah Amin was ousted and killed. Regarded by Moscow as an incompetent—he had failed to prevent the killing of Soviet "military advisers" in January and had proved incapable of controlling the Muslim rebels who opposed his government—Amin was in danger of being overthrown by a militant Muslim regime. The Russian invasion forestalled this, and after the coup a Soviet nominee, Babrak Khabibullah, a hard-line Marxist and former deputy prime minister, was appointed head of state.

By mid-January 1979 an estimated 85,000 Soviet troops were in Afghanistan, but any hopes of a quick and decisive victory over the mujahideen rebels soon evaporated. Fired by religious fervour and armed with weapons supplied by the United States and their Muslim neighbour Pakistan, the rebels resisted doggedly and fought a war in which their superior mobility and unconventional guerrilla tactics proved more than a match for the Soviet military machine. Learning from their heavy losses, the Soviets abandoned offensives using convoys of tanks, which had been easy targets, and adopted more flexible methods, relying particularly on helicopter raids. However, Stinger and Blowpipe surface-to-air missiles, supplied to the rebels by the US from 1986, helped maintain the equilibrium and the war raged on.

The Soviet attitude towards the war began to change when Mikhail Gorbachev became leader in 1985. He saw it as an economic drain and realised its damaging effect on Moscow's international relations. In February, 1986 he described it as Russia's "bleeding wound" and as he consolidated his position in the Politburo was able to press for an end to the conflict. Finally, in April, 1988, an agenda for withdrawal—many would say retreat—was drawn up in the Geneva accords: all 115,000 Soviet troops in Afghanistan would be pulled out by February 15, 1989. The withdrawals began in May, 1988 and had reached half-way point by August 14; they continued in 1989, although there was heavy fighting along the Salang highway—the road which runs north from Kabul to the Soviet border—as the Russian convoys left.

About 15,000 Soviet soldiers were killed during the conflict and about 37,000 injured. Casualties on the Afghan side were far greater—more than a million people were killed in the country as a whole, with the government party and forces sustaining about 70,000 of these

Soviet soldiers, above, cross the inappropriately named Friendship Bridge as the Russian nine-year occupation of Afghanistan comes to an end within the deadline imposed by Mikhail Gorbachev. Right: soldiers celebrate their homecoming, if not their victory. Below: General Gromov, the last man out, with his son.

losses. Thousands of Afghans, many of them children, were maimed by mines which were scattered, uncharted, around the villages; five million others fled the country for the refugee camps of Pakistan and Iran. Those remaining faced disease and starvation and the prospect of continuing civil war because the Russians left Afghanistan more unstable than they found it. On February 6, before the withdrawal was complete, last-minute talks in Islamabad between the Soviet Foreign Minister, Eduard Shevardnadze, and Pakistani officials failed to produce a peaceful settlement to the civil conflict. Shevardnadze's proposals for a broad-based government in which the People's Democratic Party, headed by President Najibullah, would take a share were unacceptable to the mujahideen.



and seized Viraj Mendis, an illegal immigrant from Sri Lanka who, for two years, had claimed sanctuary in the church as a political refugee. A Tamil separatist, Mendis said his life would be in danger if he were sent back, but was deported to Sri Lanka on January 20.

JANUARY 19

Following Mikhail Gorbachev's announcement to the United Nations on December 7, 1988 that six Soviet divisions of 50,000 men and 5,000 tanks would be withdrawn from West Germany, Czechoslovakia and Hungary by 1991, the Soviet Foreign Minister, Eduard Shevardnadze, told the Vietnamese Conference on Security and Co-operation in Europe, that all tactical nuclear weapons attached to those divisions would be withdrawn and then dismantled. On the previous day Mikhail Gorbachev announced in Moscow that the Soviet military budget would be cut by 14.2 per cent.

JANUARY 20

George Bush was sworn in as the 41st President of the United States, promising in his inaugural speech to "continue the new closeness with the Soviet Union" and to "make kinder the face of the nation and gentler the face of the world".

JANUARY 23

The Republic of Tajikistan in the USSR was hit by an earthquake which caused a massive landslide 5 miles long and 1.5 miles wide. Mud and sand buried houses in four villages at the epicentre of the shock, leaving many homeless and an estimated 300 dead.

East Germany's leader, Erich Honecker, announced that, to coincide with the withdrawal of 500,000 Soviet troops from Eastern Europe, his country's defence budget would be cut by 10 per cent in 1989 and the strength of its armed forces by 10,000 men by the end of 1990.

Salvador Dali, the surrealist painter, died in his home town of Figueras in Spain, aged 84. He was buried two days later in the museum devoted to his work.

JANUARY 24

Carin Sitwa and three other members of his New York-based Guardian Angels vigilante group, were allowed into Britain after seven hours of police questioning at Gatwick. Despite opposition from the police, the

THE SETTING OF THE SUN GOD

Emperor Hirohito assumed the Chrysanthemum Throne on Christmas Day, 1926 and his 62-year reign covered a dramatic period of Japanese history: he saw his country defeated in the Second World War, democratised during the subsequent US occupation and, in the decades that followed, become a leading economic power. Although, in August, 1945, after the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Hirohito broke the impasse in his bitterly divided Cabinet by casting the decisive vote for peace, his role in and responsibility for the war remain controversial. After the surrender he narrowly escaped trial as a war criminal: he was spared, because General MacArthur saw the Emperor's survival as essential for Japanese stability and unity.

On January 9, two days after Hirohito's death, the announcement that the Duke of Edinburgh would represent the royal family and Sir Geoffrey Howe the Government at the Emperor's funeral provoked an outcry from veterans of the war in the Far East

and from some MPs. 27,000 British prisoners died in Japanese prisoner-of-war camps during the war, many of them tortured, starved and coerced into forced labour. Those who survived told of atrocities suffered at the hands of Japanese soldiers—the representatives of their Emperor. The Duke of Edinburgh is president of the Burma Star Association, which represents veterans of the war in the Far East, and the prospect of his attendance was described as “disgraceful and disgusting” by Conservative MP Tony Dicks. Harold Payne, president of the National Federation of Far East Prisoners of War Associations, described himself as “deeply saddened” and said, “the Queen of the Netherlands has had the guts to say ‘no’”.

The 13-hour funeral took place on February 24. It cost £41 million to stage and incorporated both secular and Shinto elements. The Shinto ritual infuriated some Japanese, including members of the Socialist party, who regarded it as a violation of the post-war constitution which separated religion and the state; they saw it as an attempt by rightwingers to revive pre-war Emperor worship and notions of Japanese racial supremacy. While an estimated



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOIN HILLESON AGENCY

half a million people stood in icy drizzle to watch the hearse progress through Tokyo, over 4,000 others attended four hostile rallies, and outside the city a small explosion scattered rocks on to the funeral route. Scores more protests were held throughout the country.

During the ceremony the Duke of Edinburgh gave only a very slight nod to the Emperor's coffin, but this cursory gesture did little to assuage the British war veterans who maintained he should never have attended. To coincide with the funeral, wreaths were laid at 25 cenotaphs across Britain as veterans attended remembrance services to honour the men and women who had died in Japanese POW camps. A

A blunt message from protesters, above. Right, men of the Imperial Household carry the palanquin.

Both Shinto ritual and secular elements were incorporated in the funeral proceedings.

Japanese journalist was advised to leave a service at St Martin-in-the-Fields before members of a Far East Prisoners of War Association laid wreaths at the Cenotaph.

On the day after the funeral, the Duke visited the Commonwealth War Cemetery outside Yokohama, where he laid a wreath in remembrance of over 1,700 servicemen who died in labour camps throughout Japan.



REX FEATURES

group set out to recruit volunteers to patrol London's Underground and help prevent crime.

JANUARY 25

Proposals for a radical reform of the legal profession made in three Green Papers were announced by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Mackay of Clashfern. One paper proposed that solicitors and barristers should both be allowed to argue cases before the higher courts, and to qualify as Queen's Counsel or judges. A second paper suggested the introduction of a “no win/no fee” system under which lawyers could agree to charge their normal fee only if they won a case. The third proposed to allow banks and building societies to carry out conveyancing.

JANUARY 26

A report by Lord Windlesham, a former Conservative Minister, and Richard Rampton QC on Thames Television's documentary *Death on the Rock* concluded that the journalists did “not

bribe, bully, or misrepresent those who took part”, or prejudice the inquest into the deaths of the three IRA members shot by the SAS in Gibraltar. The Government maintained that the programme was prejudicial and contained “many serious and damaging inaccuracies”.

JANUARY 29

Officers at Wandsworth prison staged a walk-out over the introduction of new shift patterns, and on the following day 197 police were drafted to replace them. The dispute ended on February 7 when the Prison Officers' Association reached a settlement with the Home Office, and the officers returned to work two days later.

JANUARY 30

In a meeting in Gibraltar with the colony's Chief Minister, Joe Bosano, the Foreign Secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe, confirmed that the British force on the Rock would be cut, with most or all of the garrison battalion being withdrawn by the spring of 1991.

United States President George Bush and Vice-President Quayle with their wives at the colourful inauguration ceremony.

Valerio Vicci, the Italian who organised the multi-million-pound raid on the Knightsbridge Security Centre in July 1987, was



sentenced to 22 years imprisonment at the Old Bailey. His accomplice, Pavez Latif, the centre's managing director, was given 18 years for the robbery and five for firearms offences.

JANUARY 31

The Government's plans for the reform of the National Health Service were unveiled by the Health Secretary, Kenneth Clarke. The White Paper *Working for Patients*, outlined a more market-oriented service and included among its proposals: self-government for larger NHS hospitals with the creation of trusts to determine staffing and pay levels independently of the health authorities, budgets to buy services from NHS or private hospitals for GPs with 11,000 patients or more and tax relief on private health insurance for the over 60s.

FEBRUARY 2

President P.W. Botha, who had a stroke on January 18, resigned as leader of South Africa's ruling National Party. He remained the country's President, but in the vote made immediately after his announcement F.W. de Klerk, the Education Minister, was chosen to replace him as party

leader. On March 9, Botha defied attempts to force his retirement. After a meeting with four provincial party leaders who pressed for his immediate resignation he announced he had already sent a letter to the cabinet informing them he would resume full political duties on March 15—two weeks earlier than expected.

Attempts to include a 'public interest defence in the Official Secrets Bill were defeated in the House of Commons despite support from 18 Conservative MPs, including Edward Heath, who voted against the Government. The amendment, which would protect from prosecution those who leaked information judged to be in the public interest, was lost by 267 votes to 179. On February 22, the Bill passed its third and final reading in the Commons with a majority of 125.

Sir William Stephenson, who headed British intelligence operations during the Second World War and who was codenamed "Intrepid" by Winston Churchill, died in Bermuda, aged 93.

FEBRUARY 3

After 34 years in power, President

Alfredo Stroessner, Paraguay's 76-year-old dictator, was overthrown in a military coup by his second in command, General Andres Rodriguez. Later Rodriguez announced that elections, open to all parties except the outlawed Communists, would be held on May 1.

FEBRUARY 5

Rupert Murdoch's Sky Television satellite network was launched with four new services: Sky News, Sky Entertainment, Eurosport and Sky Movies.

FEBRUARY 6

Barbara Tuchman, the American historian, died aged 77.

FEBRUARY 7

One man died following an outbreak of legionnaires' disease in London's West End and at least 26 other people were known to have been affected. Sixteen water cooling towers south of Leicester Square were closed pending tests to discover the source of the outbreak. By March 14 the death toll had reached five.

FEBRUARY 8

A Boeing 707 owned by the US-based charter company Indepen-

dent Air crashed into a fog-covered mountain on the island of Santa Maria in the Azores. All the 137 Italian passengers and seven American crew were killed.

FEBRUARY 10

Sir Donald Acheson, the Chief Medical Officer, advised pregnant women and sick people not to eat popular soft cheeses such as brie and camembert because, if made from unpasteurised milk, they could be contaminated with listeria. It was one of several warnings about food and food handling issued by the Government as it stepped up action to combat public fears over food poisoning—particularly from salmonella and listeria bacteria.

FEBRUARY 11

The Reverend Barbara Harris, a 58-year-old black divorcee, became the first woman bishop of the Anglican Communion when she was consecrated suffragan Bishop of Massachusetts by the American Episcopalian Church.

FEBRUARY 12

Pat Finucane, a prominent Catholic solicitor who often represented IRA members, was shot dead in his north Belfast home by



THE SATANIC CONTROVERSY

It became clear that Muslim anger over *The Satanic Verses* would not remain confined to Britain or to book-burnings when, on February 12, a protest against the book in Islamabad, Pakistan, left five people dead and over 60 injured. Two days later Salman Rushdie was given police protection after Ayatollah Khomeini of Iran urged Muslims

to kill him. On Tehran radio the Ayatollah said, "... the author of *The Satanic Verses* book, and all involved in its publication, are sentenced to death".

On February 17, following demonstrations against the book in India and Tehran, the Iranian President, Ali Khamenei, one of the country's more moderate leaders, announced that Rushdie could escape punishment if he apologised for his heresies. In response, Rushdie issued a public statement the next day saying he recognised his novel had "genuinely distressed" Muslims in

many parts of the world, but this failed to satisfy the Ayatollah who, on February 19, repeated his death threat.

Diplomatic action followed. On February 20 Sir Geoffrey Howe, the Foreign Secretary, announced in Brussels that all British diplomats would be withdrawn from Tehran and that Iran's two representatives in London would be expelled. His announcement came after the 11 other EEC countries had decided to withdraw their ambassadors over the affair.

In response Iran formally

Muslims in Bradford respond angrily to the publication of "The Satanic Verses."

severed diplomatic relations with Britain on March 7, and refused to allow a Swedish diplomat, representing British interests in Tehran, to visit the imprisoned British businessman, Roger Cooper. On the following day, Sir Geoffrey Howe announced that, in the light of the Ayatollah's death threats on Salman Rushdie, Britain would expel up to 20 Iranians considered to be a security risk to this country.

gunmen believed to be members of a loyalist paramilitary group.

A five-year-old grey and white bearded collie bitch called Cassie became the 53rd Best in Show winner at Crufts. The Judge described her as "so glamorous, so sound, so feminine"

FEBRUARY 15

In keeping with the Geneva accords made in April 1988, the Soviet Union completed its withdrawal from Afghanistan. See pp8-9.

FEBRUARY 16

Police confirmed that a bomb

placed in a radio-cassette player had destroyed the Pan Am 747 which crashed on Lockerbie on December 21, 1988.

FEBRUARY 20

A sentry challenged two IRA men as they planted bombs at Clive barracks at Ternhill in Shropshire. The men escaped but 50 soldiers—members of the Parachute Regiment—were safely evacuated before the bombs destroyed their accommodation block. A nationwide hunt was launched for the men who police believed were connected with the Clapham bomb factory discovered last December.

FEBRUARY 21

Two members of Winnie Mandela's personal bodyguard, the so-called Mandela United Football Club, were formally charged with the murder of Stompie Moeketsi, a 14-year-old black activist who had often led raids against the security forces in the township of Tumahole. They were also charged with the abduction and assault of three other boys. On February 25, amid growing criticism of Mrs Mandela, hundreds of black youths and children attended Stompie's funeral.

On the second day of the inquiry into last December's train crash

at Clapham Junction, British Rail accepted full responsibility for the 35 deaths and many injuries sustained in the disaster. Faulty re-signalling work and poor management practices were cited as the main causes of the crash.

FEBRUARY 23

Dr Kim Howells won the Pontypridd by-election for Labour with a majority of 10,794 votes, but at Richmond, Yorkshire, his party lost its deposit and the seat went to the Conservative candidate, William Hague, with a majority reduced from 19,576 at the 1987 General election to 2,600.

FEBRUARY 24

Nine passengers were sucked out of a 19-year-old Boeing 747, 22,000 feet above the Pacific, when a hole, 10ft wide by 40ft deep, appeared in the fuselage of the plane 17 minutes after it had taken off for Auckland from Honolulu. The cleanness of the break suggested metal fatigue.

Representatives from 160 countries were among the 10,000 invited guests who attended Emperor Hirohito's funeral in Tokyo. See pp 10-11.

FEBRUARY 26

The world heavyweight boxing champion, Mike Tyson, defeated his British challenger, Frank Bruno, in five rounds at the Los Angeles Hilton.

FEBRUARY 27

As troops began to move into the area, 1,300 Albanian miners at the Trepca zinc mine in Kosovo, Yugoslavia, ended an eight-day underground hunger strike after forcing the resignation of three top Communist party officials whom they regarded as Serbian puppets. Their protest highlighted the tension in Kosovo between the Albanian majority and Serbian minority, and on the following day prompted mass counter-demonstrations by Serbs in Belgrade and other cities.

MARCH 1

Britain's trade deficit in January, 1989 widened to £1,700 million from £1,360 million the previous month.

A report made by the Commons all-party Agriculture Committee severely criticised Ministers, including Kenneth Clarke and Edwina Currie, for their mismanagement of the salmonella-in-eggs crisis. The Ministry of Agriculture and egg producers were also accused of failing to safeguard consumers.

MARCH 2

European Community environment ministers agreed in Brussels to cut production of the ozone-damaging gases, chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs), by 85 per cent "as soon as possible" and altogether by the year 2000.

MARCH 3

Michael Stone, the Milltown

The Surrealist painter, Salvador Dali, right, died in Spain aged 84. In South Africa F.W. de Klerk, far right, was appointed leader of the National Party.

REX FEATURES



cemetery killer, was given six life sentences at Belfast Crown Court, with the recommendation that he spend at least 30 years behind bars. On March 16, 1988, Stone killed three people and injured more than 50 when he threw grenades and opened fire on mourners attending the funerals of the three IRA terrorists shot in Gibraltar.

The Arts Minister, Richard Luce, announced a further two months' delay in granting an export licence to 'Turner's Seascape, Folkestone' while the

Cassie the bearded collie was the glamorous Best in Show at Cruft's.

National Museum of Wales attempted to raise the painting's £20 million purchase price. The initial one-month delay ran out on February 24.

MARCH 4

Five people died and 94 were injured when two passenger trains collided outside Purley station in Surrey, just nine miles from Clapham Junction where 35 people died in a crash last December. On March 6, amid

growing concern about rail safety, a third crash, this time in Glasgow, killed two people and injured 51 when two trains on the same track collided head-on.

MARCH 7

China imposed martial law on the Tibetan capital of Lhasa following three days of violent clashes between security forces and separatist protesters. The confrontations, in which at least 12 people were killed, anticipated the 30th anniversary, on March 10, of the bloody and abortive rebellion against China which forced the Dalai Lama into exile.

Police revealed details of a large IRA weapons cache, including 25lbs of Semtex explosive, which had been found buried in a wood near Scarborough.

MARCH 8

British Rail unveiled its preferred route for the high-speed rail link from London to the Channel Tunnel (see pp 16-21).

MARCH 9

President Bush's candidate for Defence Secretary, John Tower, was rejected by the Senate by 53 votes to 47. It was the first time in American history that an incoming President had been denied his choice of a cabinet member.

MARCH 14

Chancellor of the Exchequer, Nigel Lawson, introduced a cautious Budget designed primarily to help reduce the rate of inflation. There was no change in income tax but National Insurance charges were reduced and the earnings rule for pensioners was abolished from October. Tax on unleaded petrol was cut by 4p, but excise duties on tobacco and alcohol were not changed.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IMPROVING WATERLOO

South of Waterloo bridge there is a vast concrete desert, the sunken area in the middle of the roundabout. At present it is open, bleak, unused, filthy, inhabited by "dossers". Could it not be developed into a market, shopping arcade, cafés and facilities in conjunction with the nearby theatres, concert halls and exhibition centres, and proper pedestrian facilities for the thousands of people going to and from Waterloo station?

And why not a pedestrian walkway under Westminster bridge at the south end, so as to link up the south embankment walk, without having to cross a very busy and dangerous road?

Alec Samuels, Southampton

We totally support our reader's proposal. We tried to take a photograph to illustrate his point, but the photographer was attacked by dossers and his film destroyed. In March the South Bank Centre announced plans to rejuvenate its arts complex by wrapping the Hayward Gallery, Queen Elizabeth Hall and the Purcell Room within a new terraced building, making the Centre a more friendly and attractive place. The photograph shows a model of architect



Terry Farrell's plans, which could be extended to improve the roundabout outside Waterloo Station—one of London's modern disaster areas.

DESIGN FAULT

I would like to question Alex Renton's attack on the Olivier Theatre [*ILN*, December]. He says how sad it is that brilliant designers like Bill Dudley and John Gunter should have to work in what he calls the "disaster" of the Olivier Theatre, and that it is the fault of this theatre that the production of *Bartholomew Fair* does not work.

Has it ever occurred to him that it might be the fault of the designers, who have not attempted to use the theatre in such a way that their productions could work? The Olivier was conceived as an open theatre, and that was Denys Lasdun's brief.

The Lyttelton Theatre was built to house the plays that seemed to work best with a proscenium. The fact that most designers have persisted in using the Olivier as a proscenium theatre is why so many productions have not worked.

Jocelyn Herbert, London W11

LIBERTY IN DANGER

I am writing to protest about Ludovic Kennedy's so-called "libertarians" case [*ILN*, December] *Index on Censorship* has done much to expose the abuse of true freedom and liberty in the countries ruled by either left- or right-wing governments. To seek to compare the plight of citizens of communist-ruled Eastern Europe, or the relatively newly-independent, one-party countries of Africa, or the right-wing-governed countries of Central and South America, with that of one's own, is absurd.

Instead of whingeing about their plight as the prosperous left-wing intellectuals listed by Kennedy do, they should persuade the electorate to elect a credible opposition or perhaps a government of the Left. The unfortunate citizens of the countries so often rightly "high-lighted" by *Index on Censorship* have no such right.

As for the statement that the Board of Governors of the BBC "has been politicised", I can recall no such moan from the Right when the likes of Mark

Bonham-Carter were appointed. Is it envy, I wonder, or simply the rather arrogant assumption that "they" are better qualified to decide what the BBC should present than the recent appointments?

What is destructive of liberty about the administration of our schools being "transferred to schools and parents", rather than in the control of local authorities (i.e. politicised) whose irresponsible waste of taxpayers' money has resulted in Clause 28?

Christopher Bridge, London SW7

□ I disagree profoundly with everything said by Ludovic Kennedy in his article "Liberty in Danger". That the Left establishment is so cross can only mean that the Government is dead right. Kennedy quotes a "much respected" academic, presumably respected by the rest of the Left.

Cecil Grill, Northwich, Cheshire

□ Many thanks for the excellent section by Ludovic Kennedy and others. Just as Britain is now at

almost third-world level in welfare, public transport and other government services, so it is quite clear that our freedom will also soon be at a level comparable with many South American dictatorships.

Kennedy says, rightly, that no one seems interested in the 1986 Public Order Act, and it is certainly ironical that we read again and again how in the repressive USSR you need police permission for any sizeable demonstration—exactly as in the UK since 1986.

I am uneasy about Roy Hattersley's contribution. I would have thought that, as he is the Opposition spokesman on such matters, his article would have concluded with a dozen little words: "The Labour party will, when in power, repeal all these repressive provisions." I wonder if Mr Hattersley and Mr Kinnock have it in mind to gain power with the help of sincere but politically naïve liberty-lovers—and then run just as repressive a regime as we have now?

George Stern, London N6

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KENT'S BATTLE AGAINST BR

British Rail's revised plan for the high-speed link between London and the Channel Tunnel have met some of the early objections by putting more of the line in tunnels in particularly sensitive areas, notably south London and Ashford. But many Kent people will continue to resist plans that they believe will wreck parts of the garden of England. Lewis Chester reports on the build-up of opposition and the wily campaigners who are ready to fight on.



STEPHEN LOCK DAILY TELEGRAPH

On the desired route for the 140mph super-trains from the Channel Tunnel to London there is a grave and mysterious collection of megaliths on which the devil is said to have put a curse.

It is said that they cannot be counted with the same result twice and, with natural logic, they are called the Countless Stones. When a resident of the nearby village of Aylesford complained to a British Rail executive about the probable desecration of this site of great beauty and antiquity, the BR man was instantly reassuring. "Well, madam," he said, "if those stones are countless, you won't miss a few will you?"

The British have not built a railway in this country since the last century. But even given the lack of practice, British Rail's insensitivity in its Channel rail link exercise breaks all known records. In the eight months that followed the announcement of four possible routes through Kent for the French high-speed trains, BR's main achievement was to unite inner city and shires in a single clamour of bitter protest. The picturesque villages of Charing, Hollingbourne and Aylesford were at one with the London Labour boroughs of Lambeth, Camden and Southwark in root-and-branch opposition to BR's plans while Dulwich spearheaded the outrage of the suburbs. They all now know what it means to be railroaded, but many are not wholly reassured by BR's revised routing following the initial storm of protest. The increased tunnelling might alleviate some of the disturbance in some parts of South London but will create new problems in Peckham and Swanley, and the new above-ground lines still pass uncomfortably close to many villages in Kent, though not now to some originally threatened.

The issue is one that cuts across political boundaries. The Parliamentary assault is led by Andrew

MAP BY AZIZ KHAN/PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN FREEMAN



Rowe, the Conservative MP for Mid Kent, who has pledged, "I am not prepared to see Kent despoiled by a bunch of bungling idiots who can't design a railway." But Labour's Harriet Harman, with her civil liberties instincts outraged, is not far behind. MPs on all sides can remember that when they voted for the Channel Tunnel Bill BR had said that a new rail link would be unnecessary. Bob Dunn, the Tory MP for Dartford, spoke for many of them when he told his constituents, "Had I known then what I know now, I would not have voted for the Channel Tunnel."

For much of its length the

desired route (Routes One and Two) through the North Downs traverses landscape designated in planning terms as "areas of outstanding natural beauty". The villages and small towns are conservation areas, packed with listed buildings. Property values have already been devastated but this is regarded as only a hint of the devastation to come if BR is not stopped in its tracks. This is still not an impossibility. For while the inhabitants of the Kentish villages are not numerous, they tend to be both affluent and articulate.

They have people like Jack Garnham Wright who lives in Hollingbourne in a manor sur-

The map shows the routes originally announced by BR as the ones they were considering, together with their revised choice (in bright red) and the Kent TALIS group's proposed alternative from a terminus at Stratford East. Molly Tipples, left, who farms at Aylesford, was one of the leading members of the protest group that forced BR to change its plans.

Opposite, children react to a demonstration of the noise a high-speed train would make on its way through the Kent countryside.

rounded by Elizabethan buildings. He worked in intelligence in the Second World War and was with Wingate's Chindits in Burma before a career in Whitehall. In a second career he circled the globe as an architecture and planning expert. He fought four planning inquiries against the ravages of the M20 on places like Leeds Castle and he is now more than ready for a long campaign against British Rail.

Wright is both astute and lyrical, especially about the ancient origins of the towns and villages of the North Downs, "where the streams leap out sparkling from the white chalk stratum as it meets the clay". Many of the

The village of Hollingbourne, below and right, is skirted by BR's revised route but Jack Garnham Wright and other residents remain angry and distressed at the effect the new lines will have on their lives. Far right, the peaceful village of Aylesford also lies uncomfortably close to the proposed link.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN TREMAN

villages of the spring land were old even before the Domesday Book, and they now contain nothing but soldiers for the cause ready to express "a real sense of outrage". Wright's own village of Hollingbourne, originally given by Ethelred's son Athelstan to the monks of Canterbury, has 106 listed buildings. "You can barely change a window sill," said Wright, "without two sets of planning permission. But British Rail cocks a deliberate snook at conservation because they're not subject to any restraint short of Parliament. The French themselves would never dream of putting such a track through a place like Kent."

"Village tore BR man to pieces" was the local paper headline describing the meeting between Cliff Moss, a BR corporate strategy manager, and the parishioners of Horton Kirby and South Darenth, south of Dartford. At the meeting, parish councillor Ted Hughes extracted the interesting admission that the BR planners had worked with maps that were up to 23 years old. Hughes thinks that BR may have learnt something from the meeting. "Up to that point they seemed to think they were dealing with a bunch of country hicks. No property would be knocked down, they said. But we showed them it just wasn't true."

The problem is not just the route of the rail link but also its size and sound. The French high-speed trains operate in a wide cor-

ridor with electrified gantries overhead and elevated embankments. The noise they make close to the track is twice that made by a jet plane at 1,000 feet. Even at 1,300 feet from the train the noise level—84 decibels—is above that at which factory owners are required to issue ear-muffs to their workers.

It is not hard to envisage the effect of these behemoths in areas like Hothfield Common, land uncultivated since the Stone Age and rich in strange plants like the asphodel and the sundew, and now-rare birds like the yellow-hammer and woodpecker.

In the little village of Pluckley, there could be a serious risk of waking the dead. The village has six celebrated ghosts, ranging from the executed "smiling monk" of Tudor times, to the "screaming man" who fell into a brickworks' mixing machine in Queen Victoria's reign.

North of the village of ghosts lies the estate that did not exist. John Slaughter and his family moved into their dream home there last September. It cost £140,000—worth it for a modern, leafy development within easy reach of Sandling. Two months after they arrived they, along with the other Oak-hive estate families, were called to a meeting with Nicholas Alexander, BR's project manager for the high-speed link. He said, "I'm sorry, our railway is going to run through the middle of your estate. I didn't know it was there."

KEA IN HARVEY



When Slaughter and the other residents of the estate protested its early demise, Alexander told them not to worry as the link would not happen for a few years and by then the houses would have changed hands a few times. Needless to say, not a single Oak-hive estate property has proved saleable since the BR man came.

Slaughter was dumbfounded by the whole exercise. "I can't describe the shock. They had not even sent anybody to walk the route, so naturally we just didn't exist. They were literally riding roughshod over us."

Alexander was the BR man who made such a vivid impression on the inhabitants of Istead Rise, near Gravesend. He was obliged to tell them that their village would not be by-passed, even though his original map had given that impression. The mistake was caused by an "honest error" made when he was drawing up the plan on greaseproof paper on his kitchen table.

In the long run people doubt whether the likes of Alexander can triumph over the likes of Molly Tipples. Mrs Tipples, a spirited lady, farms 400 acres at Aylesford, under Bluebell Hill. On her land the ancient Britons

fought off the invaders Hengist and Horsa in what she calls the First Battle of Aylesford. She is conducting the second with British Rail, as a leading member of the anti-link protest group.

The main proposed route would have sliced through the centre of her farm and BR proposed to take over most of what was left to build a parkway station for 1,000 cars.

Tipples says that people in Aylesford and up the route in Halling, where a viaduct is planned to go over the school, have to "fight and fight". BR leaves them no choice. "They treat you like idiots but really they are the idiots," she said. "They thought a station and car-park would be a bit of a sweetener for the locals, can you believe? There is just immense anger."

She thought there might be a growing swell of protest from the nearby friars' priory. The monks had already expressed some muted disquiet at the effect of the train's vibrations on their 13th-century quarters. But Tipples says they may have cause for deeper alarm—"with that train zonking past it could be a bit hard to hear the Word of God".

Hollingbourne's Jack Garn-



ham Wright has a plan. With a few pals in the area, like Air Vice-Marshall Ronnie Knott and Tim Bain-Smith, an ex-Navy man with specialist underwater knowledge, Wright has been trying to devise a limpet mine to place under BR's proposals.

Wright's team revealed some serious flaws in the official scheme. It emerged that BR believed that it was stuck with Waterloo as a terminus by statute. This presented no problem when it was thought all that was needed would be an updated Southern Region, but it is a nightmare commitment now. The high-speed track to Waterloo was the cause of all the South London uproar. Almost 20 miles of suburbs would have been scythed through, and the number of properties devalued by the disruption and noise would stretch into tens of thousands. There is still great concern at the possible effects of the tunnel-building, and about the long-term possibility of subsidence.

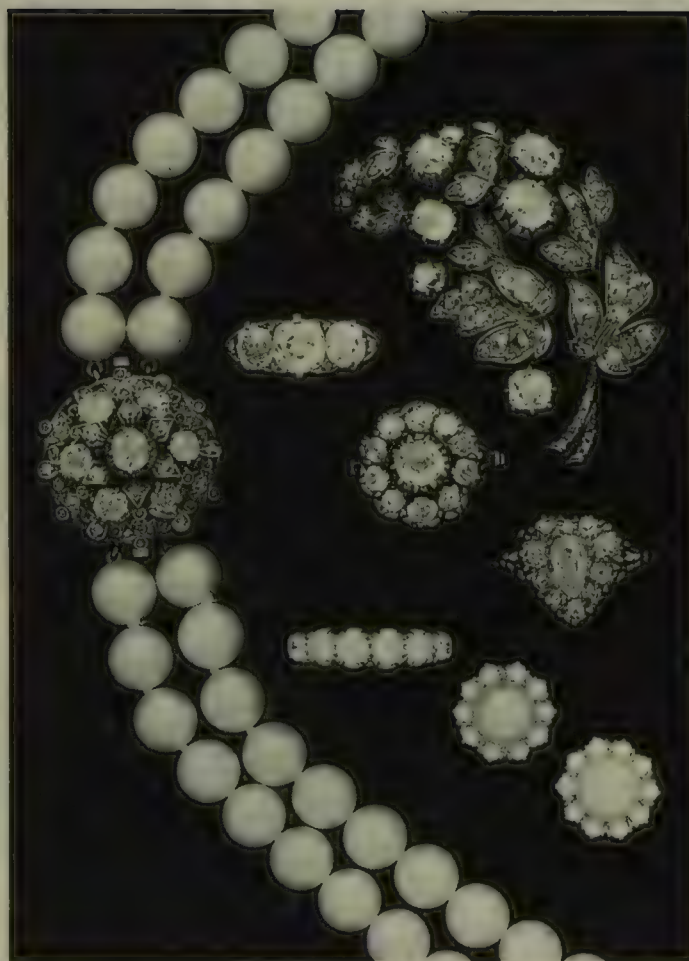
Wright's group figured that if the idea of Waterloo as the terminus could be detonated, other options would instantly become available. They also felt that if BR could chart a route plan on a kitchen table there was no reason why they could not devise a better one, if only by taking the precaution of working with current maps.

Their proposed line—the Thames Alternative Link International System, or TALIS—

would knock down only three houses, and blight no beauty spots, though it would require some tunnelling north of Ashford and under the Medway until the route reaches the flat marshlands of the Thames estuary. It could then forge its way to a Stratford East terminus, threatening only five miles of already industrialised suburban London. At 67 miles, it would be a mile shorter than BR's most favoured route and, because the terrain is flatter and less populated, eight minutes' quicker.

Wright knows that BR is intrigued and he is already mobilising support not only in the Saxon villages but also in the downtrodden parts of the East End, where a high-speed rail terminus is seen as an overdue boost. He is preparing the ground for an independent inquiry, which he is sure will have to be the ultimate outcome of all the controversy. As he refines his scheme, the old Burma campaigner is discovering the agonising choices that beset the railway planner. He is pondering whether his track should stick to the old freight line on the Hoo peninsula—an option which would lose three houses—or whether it should edge northwards nearer the seabirds and leave the houses intact. Regretfully, he decides he may have to take the northern option. "It's the people who vote, not the birds."

And the voters in Kent are not all yet persuaded that BR has now got it right.



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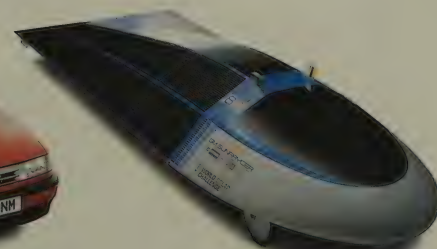
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REVIVING THE PEOPLE'S PALACE

John Fordham describes the latest attempts to relieve Alexandra Palace of the jinx which has dogged it since its opening 116 years ago.

It was not so much spiritual *angst* as geographical *angst* that cramped my teens. Living in those chintz-curtained north London suburbs like Southgate or Palmers Green or Cockfosters, one had to work pretty hard to have a misspent youth. The only obvious landmark in north London was Alexandra Palace. Its famous television aerial, visible from most hilltops in the area, seemed to say that not everything in the region was private, anonymous, apologetic and parochial. And wandering the rolling green slopes of the peeling Pally's 196-acre park gave some sense of exuberant distance over the rituals of lawn-mowing, carpolishing and prudent scurrings among the packed semis below.

One could let one's imagination off the leash up there—dream that the *Mallard* was still blasting its way out of King's Cross, past the back gardens, up the old LNER iron road which, from the Palace walls, looked like a model railway track. One could imagine the early days of the place, when Blondin had walked on a tightrope across the Great Hall, when 20,000 Wolf Cubs rallying to honour Rudyard Kipling unleashed their "Great Howl" in 1922, or when what were reputed to be the greatest fireworks displays in Europe were held there. Or there was the horse-racing, cricket or football in the parkland, a visit to the skating-rink, or simply marvelling at the mixture of bravura, vulgarity and confidence with which the Victorians had dropped this gigantic testament to

British economic expansion into what were then the sleepy rural outskirts of the fast-expanding city.

It always looked better from a distance, and by the 1960s it was a tatty, faded and unkempt relic of another age—impractical as an exhibition centre compared to functional establishments like Wembley or Earl's Court, unappealing to any hippy entrepreneur or maverick Recreations Department dreamer who might have visualised some cultural cathedral or fun palace.

But it had a special place in many north Londoners' hearts. Louis Bizat, the Palace's present general manager, says: "When it burned down I received, within eight days, over 200 telegrams, of which 190 were from abroad, from places as far apart as Canada, Hong Kong, the States, Australia, all expressing their sorrow that this had happened. Although it was falling down, somehow it had planted an image in people's minds—it was a faded old dowager, but still rather a favourite aunt."

The original Palace on the same site was erected in 1873 to match Crystal Palace. The Great Exhibition of 1851—that gigantic public relations job for Britain's economic supremacy at the time—had been housed in a vast glass and iron building, itself a confirmation of the country's "workshop of the world" status, and romantically dubbed the Crystal Palace. Thackeray called the exhibits on show—mostly machines—"England's arms of conquest—the trophies of her bloodless war", and visitors flocked to London from all over the world to marvel at them.

Not long afterwards a consortium of

The new Great Hall, minus its original pillars, attracts varied bookings, from examinations to exhibitions.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY HARRIS



Victorian entrepreneurs concluded that the exhibition business was a growth industry and that north London ought to have its own Crystal Palace. Although it was conceived as a speculative building project, it was not a bodge. The main hall of the first Alexandra Palace was to be bigger than St Peter's in the Vatican. The walls were up to six feet thick. Alexandra Palace was built to last.

But it didn't, because its jinx first struck 16 days after it opened when fire completely gutted the building. The recovery was launched with a classic Victorian mixture of diligence and dash. The Palace was entirely redesigned and rebuilt within two years. Unaided by technology (but possibly assisted by an abundance of cheap labour and a convenient absence of red tape) the Mark II establishment was up and running in a quarter of the time it has taken the current version to proceed from the stage of the second catastrophic fire in 1980 to opening its doors.

Something about its original vaunted status as a "Palace of the People" fired the imagination of anybody who came into contact with it, and overcame the doubts that its rocky track record as a business prospect might have occasioned. As a financial proposition, it has either consistently got its sums wrong or the people have never wanted their palace enough. Companies responsible for its prospects have gone out of business seven times, discovering that while they could make money on the big promotions, the building and park were too expensive to run on a tickover basis (nowadays the park alone costs £650,000 a year to maintain), and in an earlier era of six-day working weeks, the public had not much leisure time to spend there anyway. Each succeeding consortium sold a bit more of the park to keep the banks happy. By 1900 they had shifted half of it—200 acres.

Then a Private Members' Bill established a trust to protect it, consisting of

representatives from five local councils. With the arrival of the London County Council and subsequently the Greater London Council, the trusteeship passed out of local hands but returned to them when the GLC devolved its obligations to Haringey, along with £8 million for improvements. Haringey is prohibited under the Act from subsidising the Palace through the rates.

Alexandra Palace and Park, the latest company willing to take up the baton, has been administering a relaunch for the premises through the offices of Bizat, a genial exhibitions and catering specialist, who had been at the place only 11 weeks, in 1980, when a fire near the great organ gutted much of it and necessitated major reconstruction. Bizat says he always jokes that he torched it—not surprisingly, because much of the rehabilitation was made easier by the obligation to start from scratch, and the insurance

The peaceful interior of the new Palm Court reflects its architect's preoccupation with a classical Egyptian theme.



Ally Pally may have been a faded old dowager, but many north Londoners still regard it as a favourite aunt.

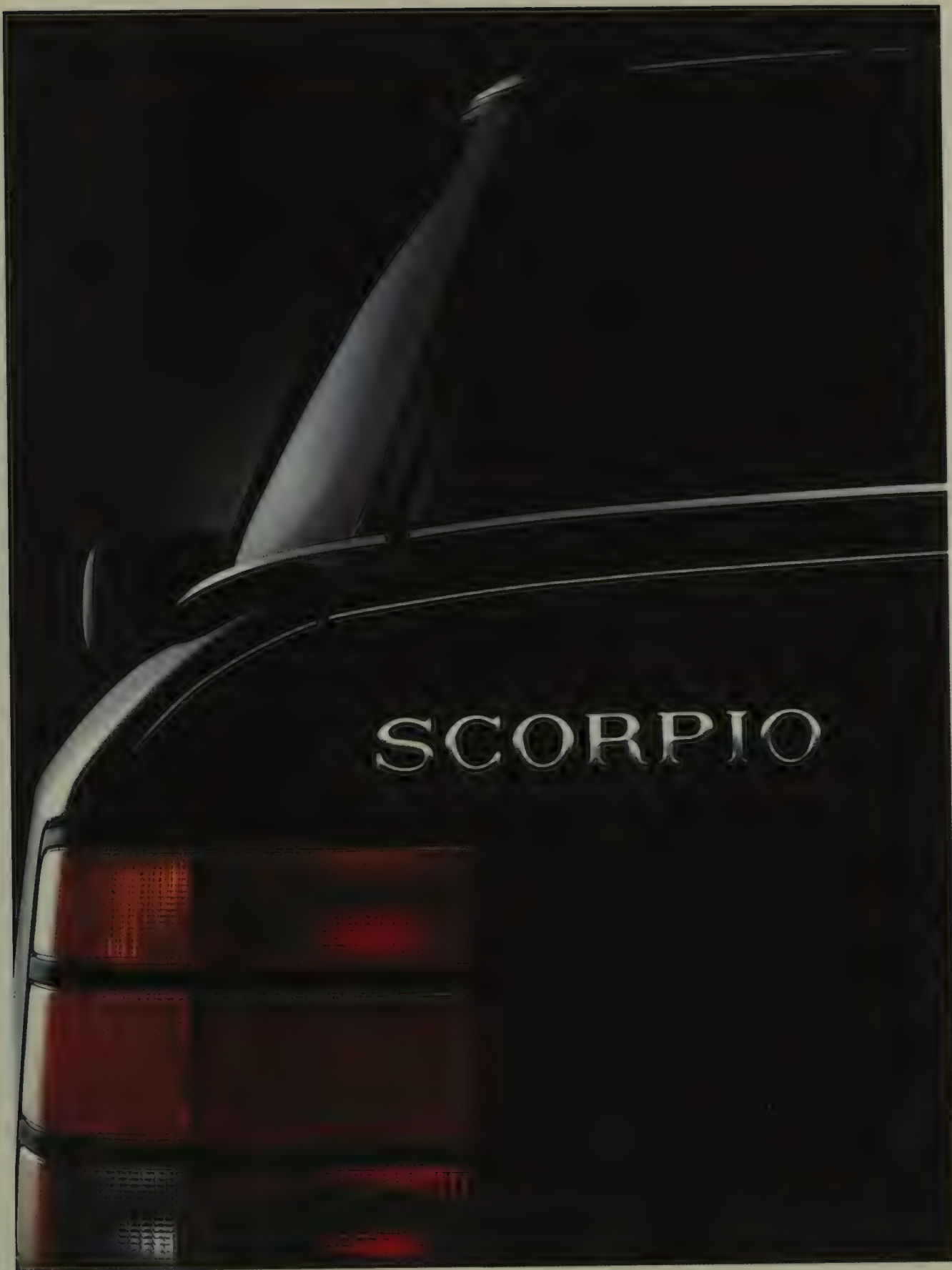
produced £18.2 million. Shrewdly invested, that sum had turned into nearly £50 million by the time that planning applications, investigations of builders and a two-year public inquiry had been negotiated. Bizat, suspecting that—as the Victorians had discovered—exhibition clientele was going to be a mainstay of the Palace's economy, started checking out the market he was aiming at.

"The exhibitors thought they just wanted a big shed," Bizat phlegmatically recalls, "and their view was 'all we want people to see is our stands, we don't want them looking anywhere else', so they disliked the idea of a setting that was attractive in itself. But the then architect, Dr Peter Smith, wanted to bring the Palace back to its previous glory. He was able to track down a lot of detail about the original construction and decoration—so he could keep the design and get it back to what it was, but incorporate new features, like a Great Hall without all those pillars, which is much better from the customers' point of view."

Smith let his imagination go in his variations on the original theme, with the result that muralists, stained-glass artists and interior decorators have put their stamps on it. The Palm Court fountains are pyramid-shaped, following Smith's preoccupation with the Egyptian theme that he believes appropriate to the Victorians' far horizons. Many old Ally Pally hands nevertheless prefer the woman with upraised hands who formed the spectacular fountain in the old Palm Court. But the scale of the rehabilitation—3,500 pieces of glass needing replacement, special cutting of the brick stocks—drove the costs way out of the original ball park.

"We are in difficulty with costs, I make no secret of it," says Bizat. But since the rules are that the place has to pay its own way, he has welcomed all comers, from the World Indoor Bowls Championship to Militant Tendency, who staged their annual conference in the Palace of the People.

Ally Pally's pre-restoration days undoubtedly had associations of tatty romance—they lay in the contrast between the Cecil B. De Mille bravura of the original concept and such visible signs of its decline, as if it had become a Victorian actor/manager unable to gesticulate because of rheumatism. All that tender loving care that has gone into the brickwork, the glasswork and much of the decoration has made the Pally sparkle again. □



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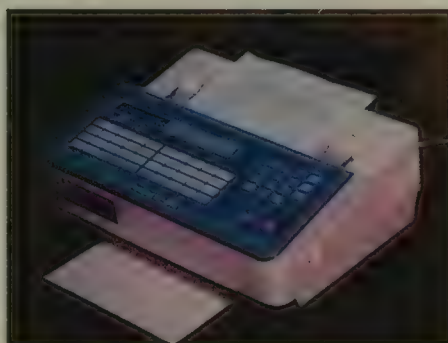
FACTS ABOUT FAX

Desk-top fax machines are spreading across the world almost as prolifically as forests once did. Their UK sales doubled last year. Yet the principle of facsimile transmission was invented by a Scot in Victorian times. Graham Vickers reveals all.

"Nothing outfaxes a Nefax" reads the advertisement on the side of a traffic-bound London bus. This prompts two thoughts. Is this a clever or a foolish place to advertise a product associated with rapid communications? And has the introduction of a new aspirational verb—to outfax—been calculated to add snobbery to the cachet of this suddenly desirable invention? For fax has now arrived with a vengeance, doubling its United Kingdom sales annually and making possible a world in which a businessman in Croydon may instantly replicate his A4 thoughts—complete with illegible signature—upon desks in Hull, Hoboken or Hong Kong.

In 1987, 170,000 fax machines were in use in the UK. If the manufacturers are to be believed, by late 1988 the figure was over 340,000. Meanwhile the number of telex lines in operation in the UK today is just 112,000.

If, by any chance, you have still not encountered the fax machine, then its basic function is easily described: the fax transceiver plugs into a standard telephone socket, scans the document fed into it and then transmits the result electronically to a similar machine at the other end of the line where a facsimile document is printed out. Straightforward in principle, although highly complex in technical detail, the majority of today's desk-top fax machines rarely seek to sell themselves with seductive design (the usual Japanese route to consumer appeal); they just sit there, looking like little photocopiers or big telephones, doing what they are supposed to do. What they are supposed to do has suddenly been widely perceived as a



necessary and valuable commercial asset, bringing substantial profits to UK market leaders NEC, Panasonic and Canon. Fax is fast becoming their top-selling product.

It might seem that fax's current growth in popularity is attributable to a technological breakthrough or perhaps to some new commercial need to communicate pictorially as well as texturally. This is not true, although standardisation has helped. Fax machines have been around for many years and the obvious benefit of being able to transmit documents and graphics by telephone is by no means newly perceived. Behind the sudden success lies a history as long and as colourful as it is unexpected.

The proposition that fax was invented by a Scot in the middle of the 19th century sounds rather as if it might come from the repertoire of E. L. Wisty, a companion piece to such wisdoms as "Did you know that Leonardo da Vinci invented the compact disc?" Nonetheless it is true. Alexander Bain's claims to fame are twofold: first, he patented the automatic electrochemical recording telegraph in 1843; second, he is often confused with his more famous contem-

porary and namesake who was professor of logic at Aberdeen University from 1860 to 1880. But while the latter was hobnobbing with John Stuart Mill and publishing treatises on English grammar, the former was modifying a system of synchronised electric clocks to make the first fax machine. There is perhaps some small irony to be derived from speculating whose legacy has been the more significant now that illiterate hand-written memos can be reproduced instantly on the other side of the globe with every graphic spasm intact.

Alexander Bain, the inventor, devised a way of skimming raised metallic letters with a stylus attached to a pendulum. A resulting stream of electric pulses could be sent by wire to the receiving device where a second synchronised pendulum swept across chemically-treated paper, leaving a dark mark wherever a pulse occurred. In one of those little quirks so popular with the writers of Hollywood biopics, it is recorded that "the rate at which the apparatus was capable of working was discovered accidentally, in consequence of the breaking of a spring". The fax principle was thus established and Bain received £7,000 for his telegraphic patent, although, as my biographical source rather glumly notes, "the money was wasted in litigation and he died a poor man. Intemperance was another cause of his non-success in life."

With Bain in his cups, it was left to a handful of European inventors to build upon his non-success and refine the fax principle. Giovanni Caselli, Frederick Bakewell, Ludovic d'Arlincourt and Edouard Belin each contributed innovations, but it was not until 1902 that

A do-it-yourself radio attachment created the home fax in the 1940s. The Miami Herald was sending five editions a day until television arrived.



"Hot Off the Air"—a Newspaper Comes to Your Home by Radio
A tabloid with news, ads, and pictures is "printed" in the facsimile receiver attached to a home radio. A page is converted into signals sent by radio or wire, then reproduced on sensitized paper fed out of the receiver. Thus people in the country may get their morning paper as early as city dwellers.

Arthur Korn, a German, demonstrated the first photoelectric scanning fax system. Previous methods had depended upon Bain's contact-scanning technique. Korn's breakthrough of giving the fax machine "sight" prompted serious commercial experimentation by three American telecommunications giants: AT&T, RCA and Western Union. Five years later specialised fax machines were in use by the American press. Korn then topped his previous triumph by transmitting a picture of Pope Pius XI by radio from Rome to Bar Harbor in Maine. Galvanised by this exciting if slightly surreal achievement, fax in the US suddenly looked like developing in a new and radical direction: broadcast publishing.

Before long, by clipping a \$490.50 do-it-yourself attachment to a normal domestic radio receiver, it was possible to receive print-outs of fax transmissions from local radio stations. In what sounds like a mildly unsettling scenario, the appropriately modified domestic receiver would spring into life while the American family slept, printing out a radio-dispatched newspaper to be read at breakfast time. In 1937 New York City's non-commercial radio station W2XBF was one of the first to be granted a fax broadcasting licence by the Federal Communications Commission.

By the end of 1940 there were around 40 US commercial radio stations broadcasting experimental fax newspapers. After the war, *The Miami Herald* invested heavily in the system, at one point transmitting five editions daily, but the advent of television soon made the concept redundant and fax reverted, once and for all, to its previous role as a utilitarian communications medium.

Less interesting developments followed. The first machines that could be connected to the public telephone networks were introduced in the 1950s, and at this point today's enthusiasm for fax might have been expected to appear.

However the major obstacle to general acceptance was one of incompatibility between different manufacturers' machines. An international committee was formed to try to overcome this—the Comité Consultatif International Télégraphique et Téléphonique or CCITT. However, the natural law governing committees soon took hold and progress was glacially slow. Other problems of intercontinental telephone systems' compatibility held the fax system back as well: in the 1970s it was still illegal to transmit fax signals overseas from the US via the public telephone system.

Eventually all the machines manufactured over the past 30 years were divided by the CCITT into three groups, imaginatively designated as Groups One, Two and Three. Group One machines were capable of sending a typical A4 page in six minutes, Group Two in three minutes and Group Three in one minute. In practical terms Group Three specifications now predominate. All new machines conform to this standard, and

can talk to one another, and are downwardly compatible with most surviving Group Two machines. Group One is now assumed to be obsolete.

It was against this densely-textured historical backdrop that I recently awaited the delivery of my own fax machine. Shamed by having to say no whenever I was asked if an urgent document could be dispatched to me down the telephone—feeling badly outfaxed in fact—I had finally succumbed. Last year's postal strike supplied a further motive, as I suspect it may have done for many other recent fax converts. While waiting, I spoke to some of the curators of Alexander Bain's vision in the 1880s. As usual it seems that once the initial heady thrill of an invention becomes history, the manufacturers, the committees and the salesmen take over.

Alan Pugh is the secretary of another group of initials, BFICC, which stands for the British Facsimile Industry Consultative Committee. There is a somewhat abstract quality about this body

The white-sock dealer is a young jack-the-lad who offers ridiculous fax prices to the hungry punter and is well pleased with his £50 profit

which currently operates out of solicitors' premises somewhere in Berkshire. An alliance of manufacturers' representatives, the BFICC, according to Pugh, aims to formulate UK market requirements for submission to national and international standards meetings and generally to monitor the UK facsimile market and provide industry liaison with the Department of Trade and Industry. Pugh goes on to paint a picture of an industry with a lot of technology on its hands and an unclear view of the future. "Back in 1983 Group Four was defined by CCITT," he reveals. "This group of machines was specified to work on digital networks—which don't yet exist. The supposed advantage would be even faster transmission times. My personal view is that, as defined, Group Four will never happen. There are much cheaper ways of achieving greater speed by modifying Group Three machines." In practice it seems inevitable that the CCITT will simply respond to the initiatives of the manufacturing giants.

Moggridge Associates is an international product-design consultancy whose principal, Bill Moggridge, is based in San Francisco. He identifies a global shift in the design of business equipment towards a more consumer-based aesthetic. "I particularly like designing business equipment," he says. "These days it isn't just purchased for capital goods reasons, there is an element of consumer choice, so it's positioned somewhere between technical equipment and consumer goods." While this is demonstrably true of most business equipment, fax remains something of an exception to date, neither needing nor getting a "sexy" image—the sales are simply too good already.

Moggridge Associates' designer Martin Darbyshire, who worked on a small fax machine for a Scandinavian manufacturer, endorses the view that the appeal of fax still lies in what it can do, not what it looks like. "We were asked to

design a machine around a chassis from a Taiwanese supplier," he says. "Unfortunately we were unable to do as much as we would like in terms of giving the product a visual identity—the exercise was fairly restricted by the basic product. But it's clear that increasingly there is a visual association between the fax machine and the telephone. Previously it was a printer object, now it is more of an extension of the phone."

Geoff Thorne of Canon UK confirms that with such healthy sales the major manufacturers can afford to let the boom be technology-driven for the time being. "More fax users make for a snowball effect," he says. "Each sale is worth several others as companies start to feel left out if they don't have one." He also suggests that the Japanese dominate the market partly because of their domestic need for a communications system which could accommodate an alphabet of some 2,000 characters. This may be so, but Japan's overwhelming success in electronic product areas less obviously related to their own market requirements suggests that they would have triumphed anyway. Future developments such as portable fax systems designed to sit in the boot of a car along with the paraphernalia of the mobile phone are imminent, although wide acceptance is by no means certain—line noise, which can impair reproduction quality on conventional systems, is likely to pose a problem. Even so, the future of fax now looks assured. Only the dealers are worried.

I know this because after my machine arrived, the salesman whose job it would have been to persuade me to buy it, had I not been too quick for him, came to see me anyway. He told me a bleak story of life out there in the fax field. NEC UK, he alleges, is currently selling fax machines to dealers at a rate of some 4,000 units a month, average retail cost around £1,200. In an atmosphere of such buoyancy the dealers are obliged to

cut margins and try to survive competition from the opportunists for whom the fax boom is simply the latest in a long line of nice little short-term earners, such as double-glazing and car phones.

According to my jaundiced informant, these profiteers are usually recognisable by their white socks. As a social category this was new to me, but in the tradition of white- and blue-collar workers, it has a plausible ring. The white-sock dealer, it seems, is a young jack-the-lad who lives with mum and dad, has access to their telephone, offers ridiculous fax prices to the hungry punter and is well pleased with his £50 profit margin. This means that those with more conventional tastes in hosiery (and more substantial overheads) are obliged to take ever-smaller profits while trying to stay ahead of the game and figure out what the next business-machine craze might turn out to be.

Somehow it all seems a bit of an anticlimax after the bold legends of fax's pioneering days. Now the excitement is hidden away inside the bland vanilla-coloured machines themselves, frighteningly complex and entirely baffling. Sitting looking at the array of functions before me, now that I have fax credibility (but what is "Polling RX"? And what is "Reverse Polling ON/OFF" for God's sake?), my thoughts return to Alexander Bain and the protracted overnight success he provoked. Perhaps his story remains the most interesting thing about fax, after all.

I like to think of him, weaving his way a trifle unsteadily between his electro-mechanical gadgets, dreaming of a future in which a grateful world uses Bain's invention and blesses his over-subscribed name. Expensive litigation is still some way off. The whisky has not fully taken its toll. Suddenly there is a low-technology noise—it is the sound of a spring breaking. Momentarily out-faxed, Bain frowns. Then slowly his face clears as the pendulums pick up speed □

ILN ARCHAEOLOGICAL TOUR OF CRETE AND SANTORINI

SEPTEMBER 22-30, 1989



To: The Illustrated London News (Crete), 91-93 Southwark Street, London SE1 0HX

Please reserve me place(s) for the *ILN* nine-day tour of Crete and Santorini (Sept 22-30, 1989) at £895 per person.

I wish to pay a supplement of £70 for a single room ☐

Name

Address

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I enclose a cheque for £100 per person deposit, made payable to The Illustrated London News

I wish to pay by Access/ American Express/Barclaycard Visa/Diners Club

My account number is:

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Signature

Third in the highly successful series of *ILN* archaeological tours abroad, this tour explores sites of major importance to prehistoric Greece on the beautiful island of Crete and the volcanic island of Santorini, ancient Thera. The *ILN* tour, planned for a small group for maximum enjoyment and accompanied by Dr Ann Birchall, will be based at Heraklion in Crete, with a two-day excursion to Santorini.

The itinerary in Crete will include visits to the great Minoan palace sites at Knossos, Phaistos and Mallia, as well as to Ayia Triadha, Gortyn, Gournia, Rethymnon, Chania, Kato Zakros and the famous archaeological museum at Heraklion, one of the world's great museums and repository of Minoan treasures.

On Santorini the group will meet Professor Christos Doumas of the University of Athens, and will have the rare privilege of visiting with him his excavations at Akrotiri, the town destroyed in a violent eruption around 1500 BC, which many believe also brought about the end of Minoan civilisation. The new museum on Santorini, not yet opened to the public, is where excavation material and some magnificent frescoes, unique in prehistoric Aegean art, are being prepared

for exhibition. The *ILN* tour will visit the museum by special arrangement.

Accommodation will be in the first-class Hotel Astoria in Heraklion for seven nights and in the tourist-class Hotel Kalisti on Santorini for one night. Excursions will be by air-conditioned coach and by the regular boat to Santorini. Flights to and from London Heathrow will be with Olympic Airways. The tour is administered by Fairways and Swinford, one of the leading and most experienced agencies in specialised travel, who organised the previous *ILN* tours to Israel and Turkey.

The total cost, including fares, accommodation and all meals, excursions, entrance fees, guides, local taxes and service charges for nine days (eight nights) is £895 per person sharing twin rooms. For single rooms there is a supplement of £70 (total tour cost £965).

The tour is limited to 25 people. To ensure a place please make your reservation now by filling in and returning the attached form, with a deposit of £100 per person. The balance will be payable not later than August 1. Confirmation of your booking will be sent at once together with further details and a complete itinerary.

ILN LAKE DISTRICT WEEKEND

To: The Illustrated London News (Lake District), 91-93 Southwark Street, London SE1 0HX

Please reserve me place(s) for the *ILN* weekend visit to the Lake District (May 12-14, 1989) at £210 per person.

I wish to pay a supplement of £30 for a single room. ☐

Name

Address

..... Tel no

I enclose a cheque made payable to The Illustrated London News

I wish to pay by Access/ American Express/Barclaycard Visa/Diners Club

My account number is:

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Signature

Readers wishing to join the party visiting the Lake District over the weekend of May 12-14, announced in our last issue, must respond by returning the completed coupon at once. Time is running out.

Readers will stay at the Belsfield Hotel, on the shore of Lake Windermere, after travelling from London by luxury coach on Friday, May 12. In the evening Melvyn Bragg, the author and broadcaster who was born in the area, will talk about the history and enchantment of the Lake District. During the weekend the party will visit Dove Cottage, home of the poet Wordsworth, and the new museum alongside,

tour the medieval, Tudor and early Georgian house and garden of Dalemain, visit the Abbot Hall Art Gallery and the Museum of Lakeland Life and Industry in Kendal, and cruise down England's largest lake. The party will return by coach to London on Sunday evening.

The total cost of the *ILN* weekend, including coach to and from London, accommodation for two nights, all meals from Friday lunch to Sunday lunch, other transport, entry fees and guides will be £210 (£30 supplement for single room) per person. Please reserve now by filling in and returning the form at once. Confirmation will be sent by return.



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For Ballantine's 12 Years Old this means waiting patiently whilst it languishes in oak casks for 12 long years, mellowing to a rich, full taste and a deep golden hue. Only then is the taste right and the timing perfect.

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TOWERING CENTENNIAL

The Eiffel Tower, majestic symbol of Paris, is 100 years old. Once deemed ugly and unsafe, the structure is today the pride of the capital. Photographs by Jean-Marc Charles.



*Contemporary caricature of
Gustave Eiffel, magician of iron,
below left, with his brain-child. Although
an object of scorn for many
national figures of the time, his tower
soon drew enthusiastic crowds*



*Foundations, top right, were laid in May,
1887, and the whole structure
completed within two years, two months
and two days. Nine months
later, above right, the sloping sides of
the first stage can be clearly seen.*

The sight of Gustave Eiffel's soaring pyramid makes the visitor's heart quicken. That first unexpected glimpse from taxi, aerial Métro or between the tower blocks that punctuate the swirling *boulevard périphérique* proclaims Paris more surely than anything.

After a competition to create a centrepiece for the Universal Exhibition of 1889, Eiffel's design was selected in the face of intense opposition from Pierre-Emmanuel Tirard, then Prime Minister, Charles Garnier, architect of the Opéra, the composer Gounod, writers Leconte de Lisle and Guy de Maupassant (the last claimed to be so upset by it that he

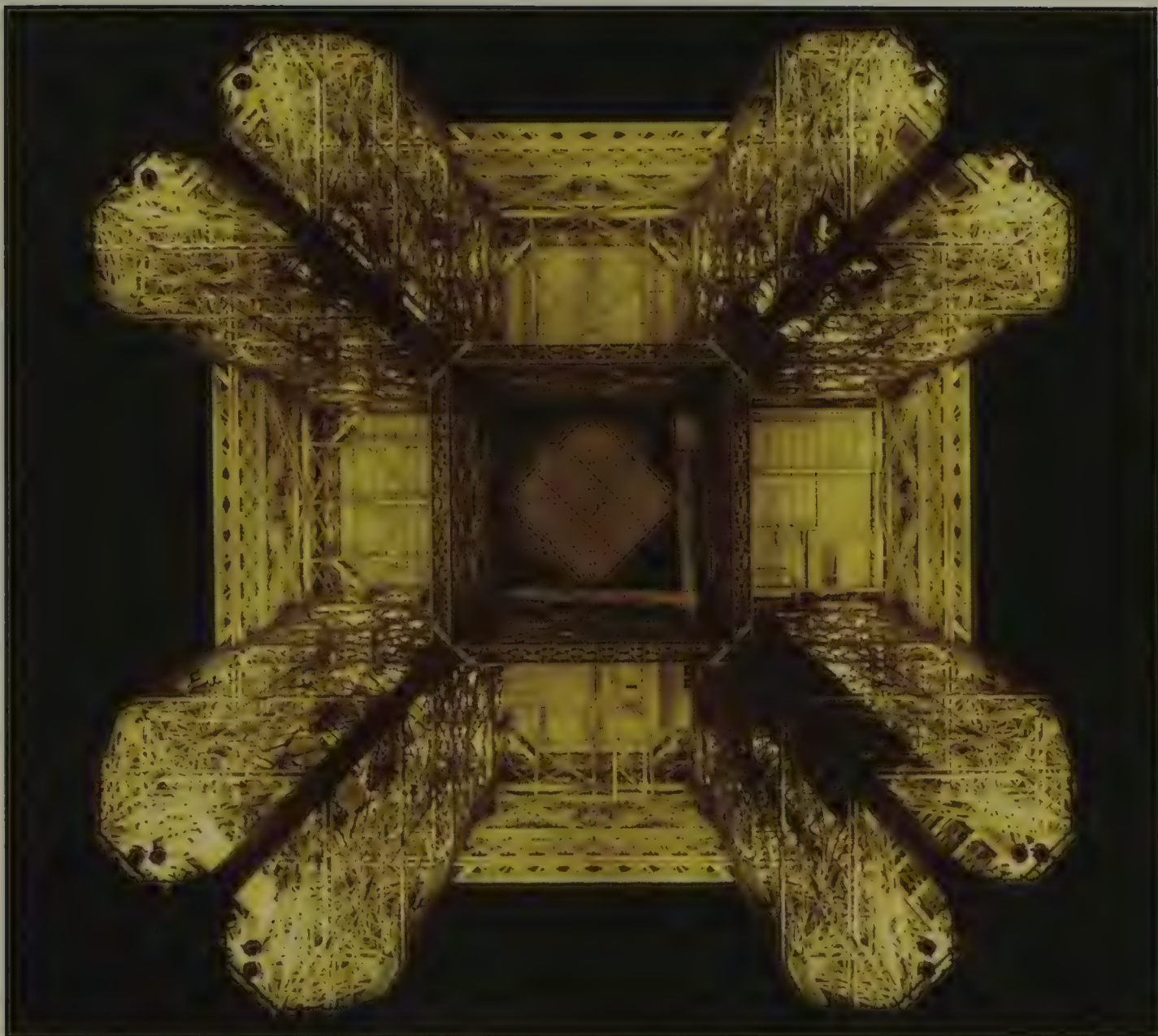
fled France), and more than 40 other national figures. All thought it unsafe or ugly or both, and asked what use it would be once the exhibition was over.

Undaunted, and needing an injection of *gloire* after the rigours of the Paris Commune, the French people swiftly raised the funds to finance the construction of the world's tallest building—unsurpassed until 1929 when it was overtaken by New York's Chrysler Building.

The 56-year-old engineer—already renowned for railway bridges in Portugal and Hungary, the colossal Gabarit viaduct in the Auvergne region and his gigantic locks for the first disastrous

attempt to build a Panama Canal—declared his creation open on March 31, 1889 to an accompaniment of fireworks and a 25-gun salute. Presciently, he opined that "a great part of the civilised world will pass beneath this immense triumphal arch". Tirard apologised for his earlier opposition and, to prove his change of heart, made Eiffel an Officer of the Légion d'Honneur.

The earliest visitors—23,000 a day—were advised to eschew the winding staircase of 1,792 steps (corresponding to the year of the Proclamation of the Republic). They queued patiently for lifts and ascended through a "Titanic



"A tremendous pyramid of heavy iron made light and airy by the astonishing genius of our engineers." Eiffel's construction exerts a pressure of only 56 p.s.i., the equivalent of an average-sized man sitting in a chair.

cobweb" to find a choice of Parisian, Alsatian, Russian and Anglo-American restaurants on the first level and a bird's-eye view of the Seine sparkling beneath. Venturing to the second stage, they could have their names and homelands recorded on a list published the following day in *Le Figaro de la Tour Eiffel*—certain proof to less privileged friends and relatives that they had indeed visited this engineering marvel—or could pen lines of poetry for inclusion in the same journal.

Waiting for the lift to go higher still, some released red balloons bearing tickets requesting the finder to return them.

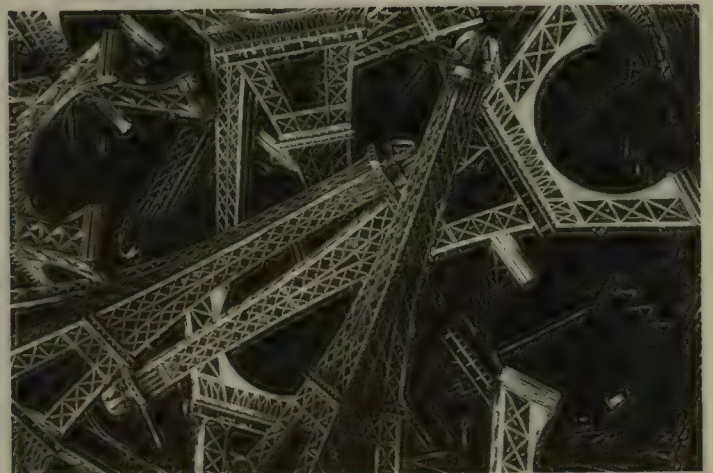
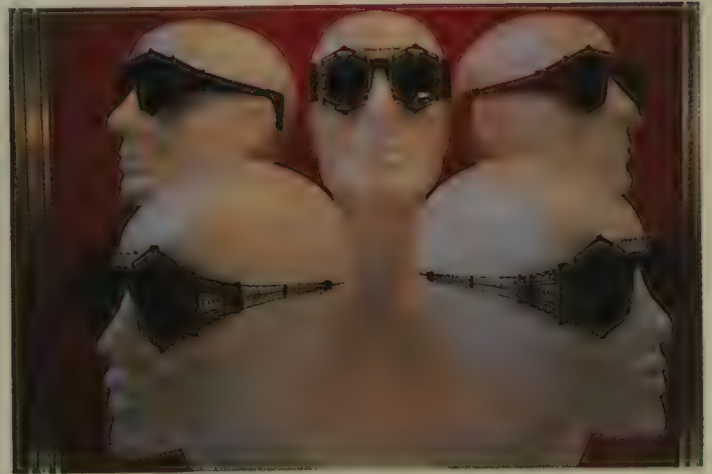
According to a correspondent of *The Graphic*, these 19th-century visitors must have been little different from today's—instead of gasping at the 70-kilometre vista spread before them, their first reaction on arrival at the top was to write commemorative postcards.

In 1901 the young Brazilian aviator Santos-Dumont delighted the capital with his flights in a cigar-shaped, petrol-driven dirigible and was awarded a £4,000 prize for circling the tower. Eight years later the Comte de Lambert—one of Europe's pioneer aeronauts—drew a crowd of 20,000 to watch him fly over it in one of France's earliest aeroplanes.

The clarity and "absolute purity" of the air at the 986-foot summit was declared ideal for meteorological and astronomical observations. But it was the tower's potential usefulness to the French army in the rapidly advancing field of radio communications which saved it from almost certain demolition when its lease expired in 1909. Indeed, in November, 1915, American radio engineers on the tower picked up the first broadcast voices beamed across the Atlantic from Arlington, Virginia.

Avant-garde writers and artists championed this symbol of modernity. Seurat, Dufy, Utrillo and Pissarro celebrated it

The likeness of the Eiffel Tower has been created in inventive ways. Master-baker René Gérard, below left, displays his handiwork. Other versions have been rendered in matches, chocolate, sugar and butter.



The souvenir industry capitalises on the enduring popularity of Gustave Eiffel's creation. This year the centenary sunglasses, top right, jostle for supremacy with the more traditional keepsakes, above.

in their paintings; Apollinaire, in his poetry, saw it as a shepherdess guarding her flock—of bridges—and Jean Cocteau praised it as “the Notre-Dame of the Left Bank”.

Some of the four million annual visitors seem to find the mere ascent insufficiently fulfilling. To date people have attempted to fly from it, parachuted off it, abseiled down it and, sad to say, committed suicide from it.

It has appeared on countless screens, an instantly recognisable indication of Paris, provided a backdrop for pop videos, high fashion pictures and for films as diverse as *So Long at the Fair*, *The*

Lavender Hill Mob and the James Bond adventure *A View to a Kill*. Multifarious advertisers capitalise on the elegance it brings to their products. Reproductions of its graceful lines fill souvenir stalls and tourists' luggage. Its likeness has been formed in matches, baked in bread, spun in sugar, and moulded in chocolate.

This 7,224-ton daughter of the industrial revolution is repainted every seven years, using 40 tons of paint. Many of the 2.5 million rivets have been renewed, and parts of the ironwork have been replaced in recent years—authenticated chunks of the original were sold off to the public as highly-priced souvenirs.

Today the structure houses a television transmitter, the French time signal and lends it name to the Paris radio station which reports the city's traffic jams—locked below.

Eight months of commemorative jollification for the Eiffel Tower began in March. A vast spectacle is planned for the weekend of June 17 and 18 when French personalities will vie with lasers and special effects to evoke the past and guess at the future. World-wide television links will enable those unable to attend in person to join the French nation in wishing its most celebrated symbol “*Bon anniversaire*” □

FOUNDERS RESERVE PORT

Mature Vintage Character



The newest
Andrew Lloyd Webber
production is poised
to build on his unmatched
success, writes
Mick Brown

ASPECTS OF ANDREW

Behold, the most successful composer in the world. The tousled hair falls neglected across the furrowed brow. The bottom lip protrudes in sullen, worried anticipation. The eyes are more cautious than usual. Andrew Lloyd Webber has not slept properly for weeks. The weary sighs from friends and associates as they replace the telephone receiver after yet another call from the maestro have become somewhat more pronounced. Habitually fractious, difficult, Andrew is now becoming well-nigh impossible.

Such is the routine which traditionally precedes the opening of every new Andrew Lloyd Webber show. The latest will be no exception.

The opening of *Aspects of Love*, on April 12 at the Prince of Wales theatre, will furnish a mere footnote in what has become a success story of remarkable—almost tedious—consistency. Within six weeks of the tickets going on sale last November, advance bookings totalled over £2 million, and the show was booked solid for months to come.

Aspects of Love is based on David Garnett's 1955 novel about a quintet of inter-related lovers in the South of France. It is an unusual show for Lloyd Webber for several reasons. The story is intimate, small-scale. There is little scope for the sort of chandeliers-and-roller-skates production evident in previous shows. Trevor Nunn, of the Royal Shakespeare Company, is directing, and Lloyd Webber's wife, Sarah Brightman, will be playing no part in it.

Nonetheless, like all Lloyd Webber's works, it has undergone a painstaking and methodical process of gestation. The idea was originally given to the composer's sometime partner, Tim Rice,

pre-*Evita*; he and Lloyd Webber made an early, unsuccessful stab at it. It was then shelved for some years, until Lloyd Webber revived the project with lyricists Charles Hart and Don Black. Like previous Lloyd Webber productions, the show was given a dry run at Lloyd Webber's annual Sydmonton Festival, held at his 1,200-acre Berkshire estate.

These "festivals" are actually more redolent of a between-the-wars country-house party, frequented by a well-disposed audience of theatrical folk, the likes of David Frost and Derek Jameson, BBC producers, investors and divas. Cricket is played, much food and wine consumed, and penance paid at the local village church.

Lloyd Webber has other homes in the South of France and Mayfair. He is an authority on, and collector of, Victorian paintings—particularly of the pre-Raphaelites—and he is a bon vivant.

He also hob-nobs with the great and the good. When, in January, 1988, Prince Edward enlisted in Lloyd Webber's Really Useful Company, in the humble role of general factotum, with the improbable public assurances that he would be treated "no differently from anybody else", it seemed not only an oblique confirmation of royal patronage, but that Lloyd Webber himself had ascended to some peculiar level of hierarchy where he was able to employ princes as tea-boys.

Lloyd Webber's bankability as a composer is unique. There is probably no other composer, living or dead, whose name above a billboard would guarantee advances in the order of *Aspects of Love*'s. The receipts from his shows have long since moved from the realms of the fantastic into those of the ludicrous.

It is claimed that one of Andrew Lloyd Webber's songs is playing somewhere in the world every minute of the day. It is one of those alarming factoids of hyperbole like the sales of Jeffrey Archer novels, which intimate the inexorable triumph of consummately-executed blandness.

The craftsman's view of Lloyd Webber comes from the lyricist Don Black: "Andrew's tunes reek of melody, in a world that doesn't have much melody. People nowadays talk about records, not songs—but Andrew writes songs. There is an enormous market—call it middle-of-the-road if you like—which is only catered for by Andrew."

The carping view of Lloyd Webber is somewhat different. This holds that, far from being the innovative genius his champions claim, Lloyd Webber has artfully fashioned a kind of ersatz music from echoes of Puccini, Rodgers and Hammerstein, and the Beatles, but which lacks the uniqueness of any of them. It is music for the coach trade, at which only the most high-minded purist is likely to take offence. One of these, Bernard Levin, memorably described a visit to *Evita* as "one of the most disagreeable evenings I have ever spent in my life, in or out of the theatre", and "Don't cry for me, Argentina" as a somewhat inferior melody to one he would hear as a boy, improvised on the saxophone by a busker outside the Albert Hall with only three fingers on his left hand.

Particular themes recur in any discussion of Andrew Lloyd Webber. There is, first and foremost, his total commitment to musical theatre, with which he admits he is "terminally in love". There is his obsession with personal success—"he is totally paranoid about it", says

£2

David Hughes - '89

one business acquaintance—and also his weariness with fame—"it's a bore".

In the days of his partnership with Tim Rice, it was Rice who took charge of the "front of house" publicity, handling the round of chat-shows and press interviews with a breezy and plausible charm. Lloyd Webber discharges the role awkwardly, and as infrequently as possible. "Tim was an extrovert," says Black. "Andrew is basically very shy. He's had to learn how to deal with the public; it does not come easily to him."

Others, more candidly, describe him as "prickly" and "highly temperamental". His air of tetchy, meticulous perfectionism, which encourages those around him to walk on eggshells, percolates through the entire Really Useful organisation. "It's like dealing with politicians," says one business associate.

His wealth is a matter of averted speculation; his parsimony a thing of show-business legend: "Andrew was almost broke when he was down to his last £3 million," one friend remembers. He is perennially exercised by the subject of taxation. In the days when income tax was raging at 83 per cent, he made all the preparations, "bar the rubber stamp", to emigrate to America. And in New York, for the opening of *The Phantom of the Opera* last year, he again

mooted a permanent move to America. "Many of the people I need to work with are now in America because their tax rate is around half of the 60 per cent they have to fork out in Britain," he explained.

His gratitude to the Conservative government in reducing his tax burden was repaid in 1987, when he composed the theme music for a two and a half-minute video film for Mrs Thatcher's election campaign.

He is sensitive to criticism and given to litigation. Sensationalist stories in the tabloids about his life and activities have often been followed by curt retractions. *The News of the World* was one paper obliged to apologise, and pay full legal costs, after printing untrue reports of a disagreement between Lloyd Webber and Sarah Brightman during rehearsals for *The Phantom of the Opera*.

Given all this, there is some irony that Lloyd Webber himself is currently facing a High Court action in which an amateur songwriter, John Brett is alleging the plagiarism of two songs from *The Phantom of the Opera*.

Lloyd Webber argues that he had made the demonstration tape of *Phantom*, and indeed that the show had been performed in its entirety at the Sydmonton Festival before a large audience, long before Brett's songs were submitted. He

attempted to have the case thrown out as "frivolous and vexatious", but failed to have it struck off the High Court list.

For any composer, such litigation would pose a potentially fatal threat to his reputation: for Lloyd Webber, deeply sensitive to accusations of plagiarism, the allegations must be particularly wound.

"Andrew is a very complex character as a man, but when he's composing, he's just like anybody else—he sits down at the piano looking for the tune," explains Black. "He works very, very hard at his composing. And he's always particularly keen to come up with original melodies. He knows he has been maligned, accused of nicking tunes."

"His reputation also gives him something enormous to live up to. Alan J. Lerner used to say that any composer must write for himself, if you try and write what you think the public want, you'll go mad. Andrew knows that, and he does say he writes for himself."

Yet the real strength of Lloyd Webber, says Black, is that he is more than a composer. "He envisages any show as a complete theatrical entity—staging, set design, choreography; he'll map out the whole show, then monitor it bar by bar—police it."

"A lot of composers will forget about a

work once it's up and running, but Andrew isn't like that. He will come out of a production in, say Vienna, and say 'the orchestra was bloody awful', and actually do something about it. Andrew is the ultimate professional. He's very smart. I've always thought that if he wasn't a composer he would have been Rupert Murdoch—he's just one of those people who would be successful in whatever he went into. He can talk for hours about banking, collegiate music, gardening . . . He's just a very bright boy."

Lloyd Webber's obsession with music has coloured his whole personal life. He met his first wife, also called Sarah, at the age of 16, when she was playing the clarinet in a school orchestra. And she came to play a significant role in building his career. In 1979, when Lloyd Webber severed his links with both Tim Rice and his previous producers, the Robert Stigwood Organisation, to embark on his first solo venture, *Cats*, potential backers were suddenly thin on the ground. Careful note was made of all those who had declined involvement.

Ironically, it would be *Cats* that would eventually bring his first marriage to an end. While auditioning for the show, Lloyd Webber met a young dancer from the chorus line, Sarah Brightman. In

1983 he publicly, and embarrassingly, announced that he and Brightman were in love, and that his 12-year-old marriage was over.

It seemed, on the surface, a curious match. Brightman, 13 years younger, had previously been a dancer in the group Hot Gossip, and been squired by a flashy pop-music composer named Mike Moran. She combines a porcelain air of preciousness with an intimation of ferocious ambition. The consuming element in Lloyd Webber's rapture was apparently her ability to soar to F above top C, play Rachmaninov on the piano, and sing in Russian at the same time.

People have fallen in love for stranger reasons, but music has obviously played a central role in their marriage. It is a mark of Lloyd Webber's character that he talks of their love almost exclusively in terms of music. Being married to Brightman, he has said, has made it "much easier for performers to get in touch and feel they can talk about their problems, and it's a good thing for me to be aware of some of the problems on the other side of the theatre fence".

Her career has become a kind of obsession; her voice, the instrument of his enrapturement, a thing to be cherished and protected, to the degree that social life is circumscribed because of the effect

which smoky parties might have on her. "His hair has been better since he's been with Sarah Brightman," confides one long-term associate, "and perhaps he developed more of a sense of humour. But the impression Andrew has always given is of being married first and foremost to his work." Under Lloyd Webber's patronage, Brightman has become a star in her own right. He wrote *The Phantom of the Opera* specifically for her.

When American Equity threatened to bar her from appearing in the New York version of the show, Lloyd Webber threatened to jettison it altogether. It is a further mark of his clout on Broadway that American Equity relented. In any event, the controversy did *Phantom* no harm. It opened to 12 months' solid booking, having taken record advance bookings of \$9.6 million in ticket sales.

However, Brightman's performance was savaged by critics. ABC television memorably noted that "Sarah Brightman couldn't act scared if she was on the New York subway at four o'clock in the morning"; while Frank Rich of the *New York Times*—the feared "butcher of Broadway"—remarked that she "simulates fear and affection alike by screwing her face into bug-eyed, chipmunk-like poses", and that Lloyd Webber's score was "long on pop professionalism, and

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impoverished of artistic personality and passion". She is, nonetheless, scheduled to star in the Los Angeles production of *Phantom* this year.

The family was highly musical. His father, Dr William Lloyd Webber, was a director of the London College of Music; his mother a music teacher. He was a precociously talented youngster, naturally gifted at the piano, and even then composing musicals to be performed in his toy theatre. There was never any doubt where his future lay. At Westminster School his enthusiasm for *South Pacific* and *The Sound of Music* was greeted with incredulity. Other boys wanted to be the Beatles; Lloyd Webber wanted to be Richard Rodgers.

It was at Oxford that he met Tim Rice, and the idea of a songwriting partnership began to germinate in his mind. When Rice left Oxford, Lloyd Webber abandoned his history studies after only one year and followed him to London. "Tim was four years older than me, and quite clearly destined to be something successful in life," he would remember, "so I thought it better to stay with him. There was no one else at Oxford with his turn of phrase as a lyricist."

The pair's first collaboration, *The Likes of Us*, a musical about Dr Barnardo's homes, was a flop. But with the next work, *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat*, in 1968, Lloyd Webber struck a form that would serve as the foundation for a run of successes. *Jesus Christ Superstar* followed in 1970; *Evita* in 1976; *Cats* in 1981; *Song and Dance* in 1982; *Starlight Express* in 1984. The ill-fated *Jeeves* (1975) provides the only unseemly blemish on the balance sheet.

The Rice/Lloyd Webber partnership petered out after *Evita* in 1976, and in 1978 Lloyd Webber founded the Really Useful Company to manage his shows. In 1983 the company purchased the Palace Theatre in London for £12.3 million, both as a commercial theatre, and as a base for the organisation—although a new company headquarters in the West End has recently been purchased for £3.3 million.

By 1985 the Really Useful Company was showing a £2.7 million profit—incredibly, almost all of it coming from one source, *Cats*, Lloyd Webber's biggest money-spinner yet.

In January, 1986, the company was floated on the Stock Exchange; Lloyd Webber is said to have made £9 million personally from the flotation, reducing his stake in the company from 70 per cent to 39 per cent. In 1987 it registered profits of an impressive £6.2 million.

Following flotation, the company embarked on a modest policy of diversification. It took over Aurum Press, which

scored a success with Tom Bowyer's biography of Robert Maxwell in spite of the wrath of the subject: and in March, 1988, acquired a significant stake in a high-tech video company, Interactive Information Services.

But the works of Lloyd Webber himself continued to account for some 85 per cent of the group's earnings. In the last intermediate report of the group, published in June, 1988, it was revealed that *Cats* alone had generated £250 million in the previous three years, and that Lloyd Webber had personally earned £12.5 million from the show.

In October last year, a boardroom split over company policy resulted in the departure of the group's managing director, Brian Brolly, with an £800,000



Phantom allowed Lloyd Webber and Sarah Brightman to share stardom.

pay-off. Brolly had played an important part in Lloyd Webber's rise. In 1969, as managing director of MCA Records, he was responsible for developing and recording *Jesus Christ Superstar*; he became co-founder of the Really Useful Company in 1978 at Lloyd Webber's invitation.

In recent years, however, Brolly, once Paul McCartney's manager, has been keen that the group should diversify further into book publishing and recording, and the failure of a bid to buy an (unnamed) major publishing house hastened his departure. He remains a major shareholder in the company with a 14.5 per cent stake.

According to Really Useful's chairman, Lord Gowrie, the company will now continue to focus its strategy on the "core business"—namely the copyrights to Lloyd Webber's work and related projects. "The nature of Andrew's work, and the force he is in world musical theatre, brings a great many opportunities for exploitation, in the gentlest sense of the word, and the development of

partnerships in theatre, films and recording."

Less than 48 hours after Brolly's departure, Tim Rice also resigned as a non-executive director of the board. Rice explains that he simply felt he was "no longer contributing anything" to the company. "It works in an area where I was getting less and less interested—the theatre. To me, a public company should diversify. Into what? Anything, really. I would have supported a move into anything intelligent, but I don't think anybody's voice was being heeded enough. And I don't particularly like sitting on boards."

Rice's departure put another nail in what was becoming an increasingly tenuous friendship with Lloyd Webber. One of Rice's reasons for accepting an invitation to join the board in the first place was his belief that it might lead to a rekindling of the old partnership. "But it didn't. It would have been nice if we could have got together, but the truth is there wasn't enough enthusiasm on either side. The old spark wasn't there."

Rice now intends to concentrate on writing and his own book-publishing interest, with Pavilion Books.

In the reshuffle that followed Brolly's departure, Lloyd Webber himself moved from being a non-executive to an executive director on the Really Useful board. Lord Gowrie pays tribute to his business, as well as his musical acumen, saying that "for a composer, Andrew is a remarkable entrepreneur. He knows instinctively what is the best way to handle his own work. At the time of *Cats*, for example, there were lots of offers to turn that into a film, but his instinct was to keep it as a musical play and hold off the film offers. He believed that it was a piece that people would want to go on seeing for years, and that turning it into a film would shorten its life. It was a good move to keep it in the theatre."

Short of a complete upheaval in popular taste, the Really Useful Company seems assured of a long and lucrative future. With the proliferation of media—television, film and recording—the smart money in the entertainment business nowadays is invested in the control of copyright.

For the next year, he says, his life will be all *Aspects of Love*—setting it on the rails along which previous vehicles have coasted with profitable ease—London, New York, Australia, Vienna, Hungary, Tokyo. In the interim, Lloyd Webber is already reported to be working on another musical. "I'm still comparatively young for a composer," he has said, "and I think my main body of work will probably come over the next 10 to 15 years."

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KESTREL COUNTRY

As a teenager, and later as a cub reporter, city-dweller Keith Waterhouse relished his chances to explore the lush countryside and wild moors of the Yorkshire Dales, tramping by rills and becks and over craggy rocks and soaring hills. Pictures by Patrick Ward.



Previous page, the town of Richmond on the River Swale. Right, a competitor in the Three Peaks cycle-cross race struggles up Pen-y-ghent. Swaledale sheep, below, moving to new pastures above Malham.



It was the kestrel circling the dome of Leeds Town Hall, where it proved to be nesting, that gave the game away. However citified and sooty my surroundings, I was but a shilling bus-ride from the crags and heather of the Yorkshire Dales. The wind that blew tin cans along the streets of the dormitory suburb where I was growing up was the same wind that howled round peak and scar and wrested piccolo tunes from the reed patches below the drystone walls. The River Aire, then purple with dye from the mills as it coursed under Leeds Bridge, began its journey as a pure, gushing stream tumbling cold and clear down through Airedale from Malham Cove—not far as the kestrel flies.

Every city-born Yorkshire tyke comes into this world with an inborn, umbilical

attachment to the Dales, those lush valleys below the brooding moorland where the Yorkshire rivers flow down to the Humber: Wharfedale, Swaledale, Airedale, Nidderdale, and Wensleydale, the only one not named after its river, the Ure. Then, nestling in the folds of this great, green and purple, rumped quilt, there are the minor, gentler dales with their hedgerows of brier-rose and honeysuckle, and stone pack-horse bridges spanning their rills and becks, each with its own distinctive character.

Like a good many of my generation, I began my acquaintanceship with the Dales on Sunday hikes to Ilkley Moor with my church youth club. All through my teens it had to be a very rainy Sunday indeed that did not find us perched on the Cow and Calf, a crop of murderous rocks resembling neither cows, calves nor any other animal; or out at Bolton

Abbey, negotiating the stepping-stones across the wide but shallow Wharfe; or eating our sandwiches on Haworth Moor as we looked down on the Brontës' parsonage and re-enacted the highlights from *Wuthering Heights* in our romantic young heads.

But it was the ritual tramp across Ilkley Moor—or Rombalds Moor, as it is more properly but less popularly known—that was the favourite pilgrimage (and so it remains, to the extent that the track through the purple heather has been worn down in part to bare rock).

Starting at the Cow and Calf, you climbed through a Khyber Pass of crags from one ling-and-bracken horizon to another until it seemed the sky could not be far off. Then, with the cold air stinging your cheeks and a wind that seemed to sing through your veins, you would take your bearings. Theoretically you

were as free as the common snipe to go in any direction you pleased. You could, if you were of a mind to, head for the Pennines and finish up on Hadrian's Wall. But for the true pilgrim there was (and is) only one path.

There below you, so far away that it might be in Derbyshire, was a single toy-town rooftop. Negotiating a few cairns, falling into a stream or two, and avoiding the tempting green sheep-track to the left that would lead you straight into a bog, you followed the pilgrims' way ever downwards. When the pilgrims' way petered out, as it frequently did, you kept that small rooftop in your line of vision. When the rooftop vanished behind a yellow bluff of gorse, you followed your nose. Given luck and a good breeze, you would eventually reach some hill pastures and, beyond them, a stile. Descending a narrow gully that is

path or waterfall according to season, you would ultimately attach your rooftop to four bare walls. The completion of the jigsaw established an inn clinging precariously to the far edge of the moor.

This was, is, and ever will be, Dick Hudson's, which may justifiably claim to be the most famous pub in all Yorkshire, or indeed the world. Nowhere does a glass of Tetley's ale taste so good (though for us it had to be lemonade) as when you have completed that two-hour trek over the brow of Ilkley Moor—or "ovver t'top" as they say up there.

But Ilkley Moor, however exhilarating for us townies, forms only the nursery slopes of the Yorkshire Dales. Those invigorating tramps across the springy heather merely whetted my appetite for more. Here, but half an hour's walk from the nearest Woolworth's and Marks & Spencer, there were tarns and gills and

Racehorses are trained at Middleham, above, in Wensleydale.

The 12th-century castle dominating the village was once the home of Richard III. Walkers, overleaf, on a section of the 250-mile Pennine Way.







A climber on the vertical face of Malham Cove. From its foot the stream that becomes the River Aire tumbles cold and clear on its journey towards Leeds.

Druids' circles; golds and purples; curlews, waterfowl and plovers; wild campion, forget-me-not and mountain flowers. Looking in one direction you might imagine yourself in Greenland; another, and you gazed down upon a nest of mill chimneys. If it was so stunningly desolate here, how must it be farther up, where the cool winds of the North Sea and the warm winds from the Atlantic met, sometimes to roar like a tornado down the Pennine Way?

There were ample opportunities to find out. Scores of rambling and cycling clubs headed remorselessly for the Dales each weekend, come rain or shine. As it happened I did not own a bike, nor did I possess the corduroy shorts, commando rucksack, chunky woollen socks and thick, dubbed boots which were the uniform of the dedicated Rambler. But British Railways (in the pre-Beeching

era) used to put on Ramblers' Specials, stopping at such places as Kirkby Lonsdale and Sedburgh, where you were met by guides and conducted on a kind of forced march through the fells.

The "moderately strenuous" walk, I remember, was about 15 miles, usually "ovver t'top"; the "moderate" walk, something of a defaulters' parade composed mainly of malingerers and amateurs like myself, was a mere 10 miles. It was on these "moderate" walks that I came to appreciate the astonishing versatility of the Dales, how inhospitably barren they can look from the brow of one hill, then how welcomingly like the gentle South Downs from the next; how one village, little more than a pub and a row of stone cottages, might be as gaunt and forbidding as some remote Highland hamlet, while another will be so prettified and roses-round-the-door picturesque that, but for the backcloth of soaring hills or looming crags, and the uncoursed rubble walls wending like strips of children's Plasticine up to the horizon, it could be in Mummerset.

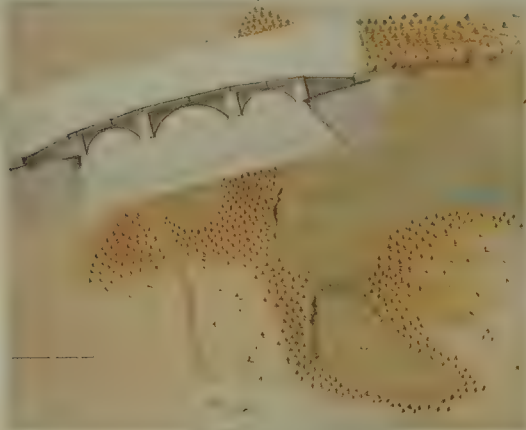
Then I had a stroke of luck. As a fledgling journalist on the *Yorkshire Evening Post* I had written one or two bits and pieces about my jaunts into the Dales. One day I was called back from my duties of covering the coroner's and juvenile courts and told that henceforth I was to be the paper's "walking reporter", tramping the Dales and picking up whatever stories I could find. Thus, a few days later, I found myself high up in Swaledale, where all the landmarks had enchanting names like Lovely Seat, Fairy Hole, Crackpot, Booze Town, Jew Stone and Lady's Pillar. For weeks, staying in youth hostels and living off substantial farmhouse teas, I wandered the Dales in all weathers, often struggling in the fine morning drizzle along high paths that led only into the clouds, then turning, rewarded, to watch the sunlight dipping through the hills and valleys as the rain stopped, glistening on the crags and throwing giant shadows on the slopes.

That was how I really got to know my Yorkshire. I still, getting on for 40 years later, revisit some of those breathtaking old haunts—but nowadays, I fear, by more sedentary means. The last time I was up in Wharfedale it was with a London friend, a media man whose idea of the wide open spaces is Wimbledon Common. We leaned over a hump-backed stone bridge looking at the trout basking in the crystal water. Sheep browsed on the foothills sweeping down to the river. The curlews swooped and circled. My friend drank it all in. At last he spoke: "Wouldn't this be a great location for a cigar commercial?" □

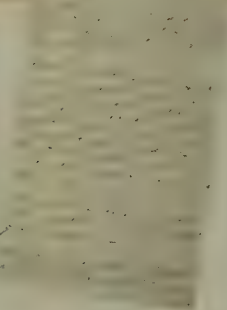
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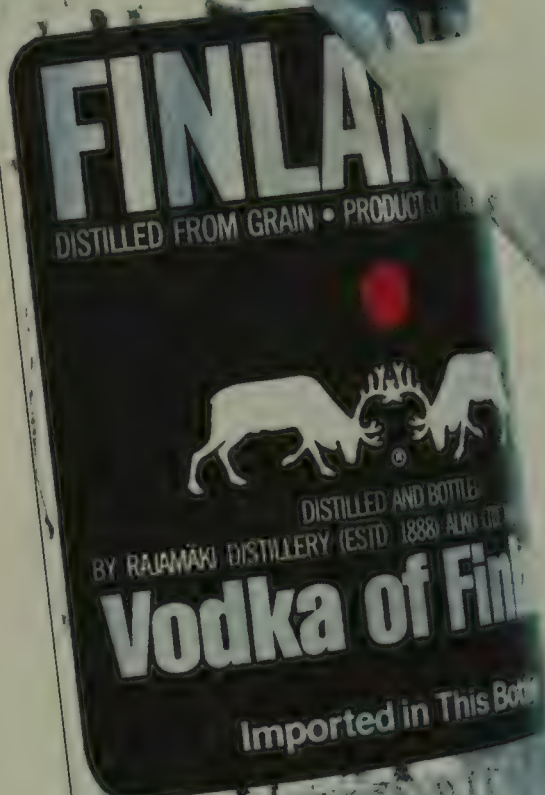
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THE ETERNAL SEA CITY

The history of Venice has long been bound up with a pageant of ships. From her favourite vantage-point by the Dogana, Jan Morris reviews some of the ghost-fleets of the Serenissima's seafaring past and considers the continuing love affair between the Venetians and their boats.

Venice's vast State barge, as encrusted with decoration as a floating wedding-cake, is the gilded centrepiece of Canaletto's painting The Bucintoro preparing to leave the Molo on Ascension Day, reproduced above.

One of earth's most splendid prospects, St Mark's Basin

is here further
animated by the
May spectacle
of the Vogalonga
rowing event

For my tastes, watching the boats go by is one of life's happiest pleasures, and the best place in the world to do it is undoubtedly Venice, the supreme and eternal sea-city. Built upon mud-banks and made great by maritime dominion during the centuries of its republican independence, it magnificently called itself the Queen of the Adriatic, and each year its rulers ritually married the ocean in a ceremony of sumptuous allegory.

Venice is a metropolis of the sea and throughout history it has welcomed to its lagoons, canals and quays an incomparable variety of water-traffic.

My favourite Venetian watch-post is the quayside beside the Dogana, the old custom-house which faces the Basin of St Mark in the watery centre of the city. The spot commands one of earth's most splendid prospects, with the city's roofs, towers, flags and islets panoramically dominated by the red-brick campanile of St Mark's, the Basilica's bulbous domes and the pinkish mass of the Doge's Palace. Here, for nearly 40 years, I have loved to prop myself against a lamp-post with a sketchbook, binoculars, a sandwich and a bottle of wine, to spend an idle hour or two observing the sea.

On the whole I prefer to keep watch on one of Venice's days of brilliant gold-blue clarity, on a late summer afternoon which, while bright and warm enough, somehow lacks precision. For then an insidious sense of illusion stimulates my imagination and enables me to see the entire pageant of Venetian ships, present and past, actual and intangible, sailing before my eyes.

Many of them are thoroughly real. The entire daily life of this city without cars is still sustained by its boats; wherever I look, flotillas of small craft are ploughing or plodding here and there, keeping the civic services going. The neat, sturdy water-buses pass by, on their way to the railway station or over the Basin to the Lido; they used to be steam-powered, which is why they are called *vaporetti*. Now they are diesel, but they remain the essential and wryly-beloved familiars of the city.

Then there are the heavy cargo barges puttering this way and that, languid helmsmen at their sterns, eager dogs, all blown about by the wind, tongues lolling, in the prow. There are busy grey garbage boats, and postal boats, and perhaps an ambulance boat, and the virile motor launches of the customs and

revenue people waiting to spring from their moorings on Giudecca. If I am lucky a red fire-boat may come storming up from its station on the Grand Canal. Hastening importantly past are certain to be scores of the varnished wooden launches that are the cabs of Venice, their occupants talking hard inside if they are Venetians, or reclining ecstatically in the open sterns if visitors.

Pleasure craft scud all around us. Messing about in boats is more fun in Venice than anywhere, if rather more precarious, and on such an afternoon as this people are enjoying themselves all over the water. Some are rowing about in spindly black rowing-boats in the graceful standing posture that is the classic Venetian stance, while others are darting around in speedboats.

Out in the lagoon a few yachts may be loitering, and every few moments the resplendent launch from the Hotel Cipriani sweeps another boat-load of guests, all sun-hats and bright colours, towards St Mark's.

But Venice is a seaport still, and above all these lesser vessels there still tread through the lagoon, as they always have, big ships out of the oceans. Directly past the Dogana they come, up the Giudecca Canal towards the docks behind me. Some are workaday freighters from Russia, Panama and Japan, their crews leaning over the rails chewing, drinking from mugs and watching the passing scene with a worldly dispassion. Some, though, are gleaming white cruise ships, and when these festive vessels pass, their pennants flying and radars twirling, with tremors of vapour emerging from their funnels, they seem to bring with them a paradoxical *frisson* of antiquity. The excited crowds thronging their decks, and pressing over each other's shoulders to see the glorious city slide by, always remind me of pilgrims come to a shrine, or perhaps merchants bringing to this incomparable market-place furs, spices and slaves from the east.

With this fancy in my mind as I watch them pass, sometimes in that delusive light of Venice those ships seem to blur before me and I see them transmuted into vessels of the past. For 1,000 years the Venetian Republic stood in the forefront of naval power and development, and down the generations ships of every kind, warlike and peaceful, simple and grandiose, displayed themselves to the world in these waters.

I imagine them all now, as the sun sets





ADAM WOOLFITT

Sometimes, in that
delusive light, the ships seem to

blur and I see
them transmuted
into vessels of
the past

behind the dome of the Salute. I see the merchant galleys of Venice's medieval prime, lurching home in convoy from Greece and Crete, Egypt and Syria—oriental-looking ships with two or three lateen sails and triple banks of oars. I see the formidable galleasses of the Venetian Navy, built in the Arsenale shipyard which lies just out of my sight beyond the Riva degli Schiavoni—slave-oared, low-slung, slope-masted, with ferocious cannons mounted in the bows and immense ornamental lanterns above their captain's quarters in the stern. I see the fantastical Bucintoro, the State barge of the Venetian Republic, as encrusted with decoration as a floating wedding-cake, sailing out to the Adriatic on the feast of the Ascension. Fleets of small boats attend it while, in his high cabin, the ermined Doge prepares to throw his ring into the waters in token of La Serenissima's perpetual union with the sea.

All around, tacking between the galleys, milling around the Doge's vessel, I see the myriad small craft by which for so many years Venice exerted its supremacy around the Adriatic shores. There are swift pinnaces and hefty red-sailed fishing-boats, merchant sailing ships with bulging, round prows, the astonishing variety of barge, skiff and rowing-boat, each with its own long-hallowed design, each with its own

name, which even within living memory used to make the Grand Canal a perpetual exhibition of traditional ship-building. A ghost-fleet sails by, but not in the least like a fleet of phantoms; for on such an evening I feel its presence homely and vivacious all around me, thronging those waters still with colour.

One craft which spans all the Venetian centuries is the gondola, the archetypal Venetian vessel. Its gondolier stands in the stern as he always did, clad now in jeans, shirt and straw hat, clad once in jerkin, feathered cap and parti-coloured hose. Its black hull is lopsided still, keen as a knife, light as a leaf on the water. Its connotations of romance, intrigue and skullduggery have remained constant down the generations.

Its passengers too. Look at old pictures of gondolas and, give or take a wig, furbelow or satin skirt, the people sitting in their cushioned seats seem very much as they are now. Something about the gondola itself—which is, after all, only Venice made manifest in the craft of the shipwright—metamorphoses almost everyone who travels in it; especially everyone who sits in the posher seat, the one with its back to the gondolier.

Here comes a gondola around the point now, just as dusk begins to fall, carrying two men of suitably traditional bearing. In the forward, lesser seat,

facing the gondolier, sits a pale young man in a posture of anxious respect. In former times he might have been a nobleman's factotum, now I dare say he is a film director's personal assistant, and he leans forward obsequiously to catch his companion's every word. In the other seat, the *sede nobile*, sits his properly lordly superior—certainly a duke in previous incarnations, certainly at least an Oscar-winner now, wearing a glorious cape or velvet cloak and grandly gesturing as the boat disappears behind the Dogana.

I pick up my possessions and prepare to walk home along the quayside past the Salute, when the same gondola reappears on its return journey. But now the two men have changed places, and the boat has worked its magic. That magnate looks quite diminished as he crouches in the forward seat with his cloak wrapped awkwardly about him; but how gloriously his underling has been transformed. How well-cut his suit now turns out to be, and how confidently, as they disappear once more, he is laying down the law to the old man sitting so respectfully opposite.

There is a magic to many things in Venice, but no sorcery so powerful, or quite so entertaining, as the multifarious spell of the boats □



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Precious stones and precious metals were once familiar artists' materials. Painters could work as easily with gems and enamels as they could with oils and watercolours; sculptors were as adept with gold and silver as they were with marble and bronze. To celebrate a time when artists were also jewellers, we have selected some examples of their work—and of the work they helped to inspire. All these finely crafted jewels are the subject of a beautifully illustrated book, *Artists' Jewellery, Pre-Raphaelite to Arts and Crafts*, by Geoffrey Munn and Charlotte Gere.



ARTISTS' JEWELS

The Victorians and Edwardians took their jewellery seriously. Brooches, bracelets and pendants were no mere accessories to be added to an outfit as an afterthought; they were chosen with care and worn with pride. A fine piece of jewellery was appreciated on two levels: as a work of art combining precious materials with exquisite craftsmanship and, in many instances, as a tangible expression of love.

Jewels worn in remembrance of dear ones lost, or exchanged between lovers as tokens, were extremely popular in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, although the ubiquitous lockets containing tresses of hair were perhaps the least

subtle of these keepsakes. At a time when the language of such things was far better understood than it is today, hearts and flowers, birds and beasts and a multitude of other symbols were incorporated into jewellery design to signify romantic love, to represent those sentiments and virtues which were the major preoccupation of the day.

And it was the artists of the day who most successfully exploited the decorative and symbolic aspects of jewellery to create pieces that were both beautiful and distinctive. Given the influences that shaped their work, it is hardly surprising that many painters, sculptors and architects turned to jewellery design

as a natural and legitimate outlet for their creativity.

A new respect for craftsmanship and for traditional skills and handicrafts imbued the art world in the late 19th century, encouraged largely by John Ruskin, the eminent art critic, and by William Morris, the poet, designer and Socialist pioneer whose philosophy inspired the Arts and Crafts movement, and who is best known today, perhaps, for his wallpaper designs. Both men particularly loved medieval art, admiring the rich decoration and painstaking labour it involved, and their enthusiasm was shared by the Pre-Raphaelite group of painters with whom they were closely

A selection of winged jewels, many of them inspired by the work of Burne-Jones. Clockwise this page: tortoiseshell comb with detachable diamond wings that can be worn as a brooch, by Giuliano; two diamond brooches decorated with green enamel and set centrally with sapphires, by Giuliano; brooch consisting of a heart-shaped opal bound with gold chain and suspended from red enamel and pearl-set wings; gold-mounted enamel watch with blue wing covers, by Child & Child.

Clockwise opposite: silver pendant in the form of an angel in a boat, by Henry Wilson; enamel pendant set with topazes, by Child & Child; enamel brooch—actual wing-span $8\frac{1}{2}$ ins—set centrally with a sapphire, by Child & Child; two diamond brooches tipped with green enamel and set with a garnet and star ruby respectively, by Giuliano; enamel brooch with pearl, by Child & Child.





WINGS OF DESIRE

PHOTOGRAPH BY RIC GEMMELL

associated. Formed in 1848, the group included artists such as Edward Burne-Jones, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and William Holman Hunt—artists with a predilection for brilliant jewel colours, glowing and opalescent, for mythical, religious and literary subjects and for the imagery of love. In an atmosphere so heady with romance, in a climate so receptive to gothic detail and intricate workmanship, jewellery and its design were to enjoy something of a golden age.

The Pre-Raphaelites and their circle depicted jewellery in their paintings and also designed or purchased pieces to give to their relatives and friends. The rather florid ladies in Rossetti's pictures, for example, are often bedecked with gems to complement their ruby lips and amber hair. Thus the *Monna Vanna* sports, among other decorations, coral beads, a heart-shaped, rock-crystal pendant and elaborate hair-clips.

Jewellery was equally important to Holman Hunt. Particularly interesting is a cameo depicting a cupid's head and wings which he gave to his wife, Fanny Waugh, whom he married in 1865. When Fanny died in Florence in 1866, shortly after giving birth to their only son, the brooch was engraved with a memorial inscription and passed on by Hunt to her sister, Edith, who came out to Italy to look after the baby. Long attracted to Hunt, Edith gradually replaced Fanny in his affections, but under the Deceased Wife's Sisters Act it was impossible for the couple to marry. In 1875, however, they eventually defied public criticism and family opposition, and married in Switzerland where, under Swiss law, their marriage was legal. In Hunt's striking portraits of the two sisters, each is shown wearing the cameo.

When it came to designing jewellery, Edward Burne-Jones was probably the most prolific of the Pre-Raphaelite group. For John Ruskin he designed the Whitelands cross illustrated here, and he commissioned his favourite jewellers, Giuliano and Child & Child, to make up many pieces from his sketches. A charming brooch depicting a bird on an olive branch was made to his design by Carlo Giuliano, for example. The bird is set with turquoises and the leaves are of green enamel. Burne-Jones was obsessed with the symbolism of love, and hearts are a recurring theme in his work. He had heart-shaped cuff-links and a heart-shaped ring made for him by Child & Child, and in 1888 commissioned a



Fascinated by English folklore and by traditional festivals, John Ruskin decided to sponsor a May Day ceremony at Whitelands College in Chelsea. From among the young women training to be teachers there, a May Queen would be selected each year, crowned with flowers and presented with a beautiful cross to keep. The ceremony, which still takes place today, was first held in 1881, and from that date until his death in 1900, Ruskin took sole responsibility for providing the cross. Shown here is the jewel which he commissioned

Burne-Jones to design for the third ceremony in 1883. Made from different coloured golds, it consists of a Greek cross entwined with a spray of hawthorn. It is the only Whitelands cross Burne-Jones was asked to design, and was presented to the May Queen, Edith Martindale, whose family treasures it still. Though he never admitted as much, Ruskin may have devised the ceremony and cross as a memorial to his lost love, Rose La Touche. He first met Rose, the daughter of a well-to-do Irish family, in 1858 when she was 10 and he was nearly 40. Six years later he proposed to her, much to her parents' horror, and the couple embarked on a hopeless love affair which aggravated Ruskin's own depressive illness and plunged Rose, already unstable, into a mental and physical decline. She died in May, 1875, and Ruskin wrote to a friend: "My poor little Rose is gone where the hawthorn blossoms go". The event could explain why he chose to mark, in some way, the month of May and why he insisted that successive Whitelands crosses should be decorated with sprays of hawthorn.

heart-shaped, leather jewel box for his daughter Margaret. The brooch shown on the previous page, consisting of an opal heart suspended from a pair of wings, is also attributed to Burne-Jones. The wings were charged with meaning for the Victorians: based on the ancient Egyptian good-luck symbol, the winged globe, they were associated, too, with winged time, with Cupid and with the protection of guardian angels.

But an interest in jewellery was not confined to the Pre-Raphaelites. In the meticulous paintings of neo-classical artists such as Lawrence Alma-Tadema and Edward Poynter, jewellery was an important part of the period detail. Alma-Tadema would visit museums and archaeological sites to sketch original artifacts, but Poynter, it seems, relied rather more on his imagination: a fanciful "classical" necklace of his own design was made up by Carlo Giuliano from silver gilt and green hardstone beads. An almost identical necklace appears in Poynter's watercolour *Helen*, painted in 1887.

Charles Ricketts (1866-1931) was another painter who turned to jewellery design with great success. Inspired by the work of Burne-Jones, he created magnificent lockets, pendants and

brooches, enamelled in bright colours and set with gems. One of his contemporaries was the sculptor Alfred Gilbert, whose most famous work must be *Eros*, the monument to Lord Shaftesbury in Piccadilly Circus. Gilbert had a natural facility for jewellery, and being a sculptor was able to make up his own designs. His rings and necklaces of twisted gold and silver wire have a distinctly modern look. Of the Arts and Crafts jewellers, Charles Robert Ashbee, James Cromar Watt, Henry Wilson and his associate John Paul Cooper were among the most distinguished. All four were trained architects who incorporated elements of Egyptian, medieval and Renaissance art in their work. A silver pendant by Henry Wilson is shown on the previous page. It depicts an angel with enveloping wings sitting in a boat; shining above them is a moonstone.

The artists mentioned here are just a few of those who were involved in jewellery design in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. There were many more—in Britain, in Europe and in the United States. Through their work jewellery ceased to be something merely ornamental but attained a level of artistic and symbolic importance it has rarely equalled since.

LORA SAVINO

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TRANSATLANTIC LUXURY

Huge and practically extinct, the transatlantic liner, like the dinosaur, holds a special place in the popular imagination. It is immediately associated with elegance, romance and style, the luxury of its top decks, at least during the early decades of its history, thrown neatly into relief by the relative squalor of the steerage class, by the huddled emigrants on their way to the New World. Films, made when the liner was still the only way to cross, both reflected and promoted this glamorous image: Groucho Marx in *A Night at the Opera* summoning to his cabin a host of flunkies; Fred Astaire tapping round a superbly stylised Art Deco engine room in *Shall We Dance*; Bette Davis and Paul Henreid gazing dreamily out to sea in *Now Voyager*. But the image was more than mere fantasy: competitors in style as well as in speed, the shipping companies lavished resources on their liners, employing top designers and craftsmen to create floating palaces, as grand as the grand hotels.

From the late 19th century to the late 1950s luxury liners regularly crossed the Atlantic, not merely flagships for the companies that operated them, but symbols of national pride. Before the First World War German ships from the Bremen-based Norddeutscher Lloyd company and the Hamburg-America line set new standards in grandeur and comfort. But for sheer technical skill Britain led the world, and when the men at Cunard and the White Star Line decided to abandon traditional austerity and go overboard on

Left: By the pool on the Italian Line's Rex, soft lights and cocktails add to the romance. Top: The Mauretania sails into Cherbourg at twilight.



opulence, the Germans were faced with formidable competition. Cunard's pride were the *Lusitania* (until she was sunk by a German U-boat in May, 1915), the *Mauretania* and *Aquitania*, while White Star boasted the *Olympic*, the *Britannic* and, for a short time—a very short time—the *Titanic*. After the war, and throughout the inter-war years when liners enjoyed their heyday, the two companies, which merged in 1934, dominated the Atlantic.

But they always had their rivals. In the late 20s the Germans fought back with the *Bremen* and *Europa*, and in the 30s Mussolini's brand of nationalism did much to supplement the Italian fleet. There was competition, too, from America with, among others, the *Leviathan* and later the *United States*; there was Canada's *Empress of Britain* and the French Line's *Ile de France*. But in the mid 30s all these ships were superseded by Cunard's two *Queens*—*Mary* and *Elizabeth*—and by the French Line's *Normandie*; for engineering and luxury these three were the best of their kind. They were also, sadly, among the last of their kind. The development of air travel after the Second World War led to an irrevocable decline in sea passenger traffic and although the *Queen Elizabeth* remained in service until 1969, the era of the transatlantic liner had, by that time, long since passed.

Speed was always important, of course, and throughout the period the much-prized Blue Riband for the fastest Atlantic crossing passed from liner

Top: In the Paris's Salon Mixte, the illuminated glass floor helped "make the light fantastic lighter". Right: Grandiose dining on the Lusitania.





to liner. But on a journey that could take five or six days, luxury and service were important too. They became paramount after 1921 when America limited its emigrant intake with the Emergency Quota Act, and tourists and businessmen had to be tempted on board to replace the lost traffic. From the Edwardian plush of the early British and German ships to the Art Deco splendour of the *Normandie*, the liners were showcases of interior design. Their public rooms, for dining, dancing, lounging, were as lavish as any to be found on land: there was the *Vaterland's* Palm Court, for example, designed by Charles Mewès, who also created the dining room of the London Ritz; there was the *Empress of Britain's* Cathay Lounge, the work of Edmund Dulac, her swimming pool by Charles Rennie Mackintosh; and on the *Queen Mary* there were the Great Hall and chic Verandah Grill. Huge staffs ensured that the service matched the settings, while a variety of diversions—Turkish baths and cocktails, shuffleboard and, on the *Empress*, even tennis—kept everyone amused. Though each liner was distinctive, reflecting the nation and the age that shaped it, one thing was common to them all: they carried their passengers in superlative style. LORA SAVINO

All pictures are from *Grand Luxe: The Transatlantic Style* by John Malcolm Brinnin and Kenneth Gaulin. Published by Bloomsbury at £40.

*Top: The indoor pool on Italy's Vulcania owed much to the splendour that was Rome.
Above left: Detail of a panel by Albert Dunand on the Normandie.*



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VISION OF MAN'S ORIGINS

The Olduvai Gorge
in the vast plain of northern
Tanzania has yielded
important information about
early human development.

Donald Johanson,
founder and director of the
Institute of Human
Origins at Berkeley, California,
explains the significance
of some of his
own discoveries there



Standing on the rim of Ngorongoro Crater, I watched the pastel purple of the Tanzanian dawn slowly change to a golden red. The dust which the constant African wind brings from the east was gone, washed away by a rainstorm during the night. The Masai say that Engai Narok (the black god), who lives in the dark storm clouds, has fed the earth with life-giving rain.

From this magnificent vantage-point on the volcanic highlands, I looked down on a seemingly endless expanse of green—the Serengeti Plain. The savannah, dotted with flat-topped acacia trees, covers nearly 15,000 square kilometres and is one of the natural wonders of the world.

While the topography has remained basically unaltered for millions of years, the ecology has gradually changed. Over aeons, the undulating plains have been showered by volcanic ash blown westward from Ngorongoro, Lemagrut and other now-extinct volcanos. But even today an active volcano, Ol Donyo Lengai (The Mountain of God), can darken the sky with violent eruptions, adding new powder to the Serengeti.

On the plain I could see long, black, sinuous lines of wildebeest, hundreds of thousands of them, constantly on the move. These absurd-looking antelopes cavort, buck, kick and run in all directions, making a strange honking sound. The annual migration of some one and a half million wildebeest is an awesome spectacle as they travel about 800 kilometres in search of water and green pastures for survival.

Trailing behind the wildebeest, trying to stay clear of their dusty trail, were the zebras. The pattern of stripes, unique to each individual animal, makes them less visible at dawn and dusk when the carnivores—lions, hyenas and packs of African wild dogs—are active. Even so, the stallions are constantly vigilant.

Lion prides on the Serengeti are among the largest in Africa and, although some individual animals weigh upwards of 180kg, they are alert hunters. I once watched a lioness hunting a zebra. Using enormous restraint, she stalked her prey for nearly half an hour, and only when she was certain did she leap from her crouching position and bring down her quarry, seizing it by the throat and suffocating it. As other members of the pride moved in to share the meal, the remaining zebras in the herd—at first



startled by the drama—quickly settled back to grazing.

This world of vibrant life and sudden death is exemplified by the fastest animal on earth—the cheetah. I watched, astounded, as a lean, hungry mother taught her cub how to hunt. In broad daylight the cheetah pursued a herd of Thomson's gazelles. Her cub followed, watching her every move. The gazelles seemed too far away for a successful attack. However, the cheetah had spotted a young animal which had strayed from the herd and, in a matter of seconds, had attained the unbelievable

speed of more than 100km per hour to bring down her prey. Mother and cub consumed the carcass at leisure and, when they had finished, the cheetah gently licked the blood off her cub's face like any domestic cat.

The Tanzanian government has designated the Serengeti a national park, in an effort to protect the animals and conserve their natural habitat. The Masai are not allowed to graze their cattle within park boundaries, and the thousands of tourists are restricted to specific areas.

It is easy to forget that it was here, millions of years ago, that our forebears first appeared. The evidence for our palaeolithic ancestors having occupied this area is found in the eastern reaches of the Serengeti where the natural forces of erosion have cut a deep gash into the grasslands to expose the sun-baked deposits of Olduvai Gorge.

The strata at Olduvai make an intriguing window into the past. Some two million years ago our ancestors began to fashion stone tools and launched an evolutionary career which would ultimately have an impact on the entire planet. Although the layers of rock appear barren, they contain the fossilised remains of extinct animals, and clues to the lifestyle of our predecessors.

My recent explorations of Olduvai Gorge—as well as previous investigations by others—permit us to paint a fascinating picture of the world of our ancestors. The ecological setting was similar to that of today, except for an alkaline lake which has long since evaporated. Excavations indicate that our ancestors frequented the lake margin where streams coming off the volcanic highlands entered the lake. Lake Manyara, ringed by crusty salt deposits, is an excellent contemporary example of how Olduvai must have looked two million years ago.

While many of the animals around the

Fossils at Olduvai Gorge give Donald Johanson an intriguing insight into our past, while the beauty and inhabitants of the Serengeti Plain make it one of the world's natural wonders (right and overleaf).







vanished Olduvai lake resembled those of today, the fossils attest to some bizarre creatures. There are pigmy giraffes, large giraffes with moose-like antlers and elephant-like creatures with downward-curving tusks in the lower jaw. Buffaloes more than twice the size of today's must have been formidable beasts, and pigs the size of rhinoceroses, with metre-long tusks, had little to fear, even from such predators as the now-extinct sabretoothed members of the lion family which roamed the area. These and other strange animals would have given Olduvai a unique ambience, but the basic framework of the present-day savannah environment had already been established.

The real lure of Olduvai Gorge is what it can tell us about our own origins. The extraordinary discovery in 1959 of a skull—originally named *Zinjanthropus* (East Africa Man)—provided an important impetus to the search for early man in the great Rift Valley of East Africa. The skull possessed huge grinding teeth, anchored in powerful jaws which were attached to enormous chewing muscles. From its large teeth arose the nickname "Nutcracker Man". The chewing apparatus indicated a vegetarian diet. Although the creature walked upright, the combination of specialised chewing behaviour and a small brain does not make it our direct ancestor. We now know that this hominid, with the tongue-twisting name of *Australopithecus* (Southern Ape Man), disappeared from the fossil record approximately one million years ago.

The slopes of Olduvai Gorge are littered with thousands of primitive stone

tools. At first glance the lumps of rock reveal nothing of the primitive technology which heralded the dawn of culture. Utilising a simple stone-on-stone technique, flakes were chipped off natural pebbles, producing sharp edges. We can only wonder when and how our ancestors struck on this idea. With this first step to culture, they were no longer at the mercy of the environment, but rather could exploit it to their advantage.

During the search at Olduvai Gorge a

rudimentary tools, but we do know that there are concentrations of artifacts and bones at certain places in the Olduvai strata. The bones are of antelopes, gazelles, hippopotami, pigs and other animals, and many have been smashed, presumably to get at the nourishing marrow; some even show marks of cuts, inflicted by a stone tool when the bone was still fresh. Was Handy Man beginning to include meat in his diet? If so, was he actively hunting or was he, like a vulture, simply scavenging from the skills of other predators?

There is no doubt that this early form of man had a greater impact on the natural world than any other animal. To descend into Olduvai Gorge—back two million years in time—is humbling. Man owes his existence to the maker of those primitive stone tools, who planted the seed of the human career. What type of society did *Homo habilis* have? We know they were not large creatures and, probably, sought security by congregating. Was there a division of labour? Did

they recognise individual mates? How did they keep warm at night, before they learned to control fire? These and many other questions come to mind.

Climbing out of the Gorge, leaving the artifacts and fossilised bones behind, I was again struck by the timelessness of the Serengeti Plain. Giraffes feeding on acacia, startled by my presence, ran off leaving puffs of dust where each foot struck the ground. The sun was falling towards the horizon and birds were hurrying to their evening roosts. The sounds of the day were giving way to the sounds of the night.



DONALD JOHANSON

hominid was recovered which more closely resembles us. Diagnosis of skull fragments indicates another more advanced form, a contemporary of "Nutcracker Man". On the basis of its much smaller jaws and teeth and enlarged cranial cavity, scientists have assumed that this being was the tool-maker. It was christened *Homo habilis* (Handy Man). Not only did man make tools, but tools made man. Better tools required better brains, and better brains led to better tools.

We may never fully understand how these early ancestors survived with only

To become a warrior is the dream of every Masai youth, left. Beads adorn his body and his legs are stained with ochre to show he is ready for responsibility. Above: African wild dogs roam the Serengeti.

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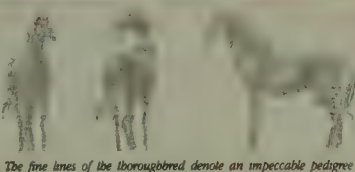
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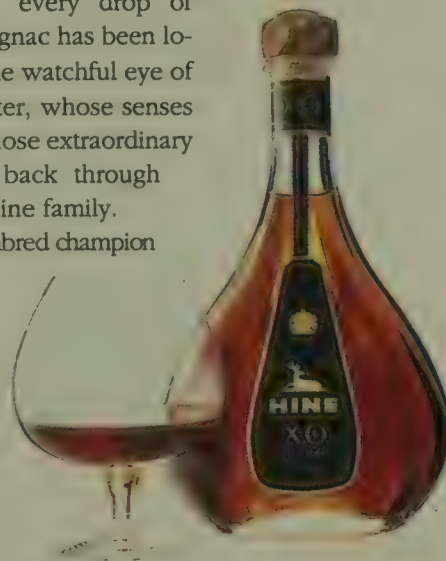
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FLEUR'S FANTASY

A blend of charming inventiveness and acute observation characterises the magic realism of a uniquely-talented artist.

"In more than 22 years," says American-born Fleur Cowles, "I've never painted anything that hasn't relied on imagination and memory." And, after some 40 exhibitions in cities all over the world, she can boast that every one of her 1,000 well-loved paintings has been sold, apart from a few she has deliberately reserved for herself. Her popularity is surely due to the beautiful, serene world that she creates, a profusion of colourful animals and flowers.

Although, as a child, she delighted in American naive paintings, she herself had never considered taking up painting until shortly after she moved to England in 1955 to get married. An enthusiastic collector of contemporary art, she attended a London exhibition by a young Italian artist, Dominic Gnoni. While watching him at work she impulsively asked to borrow his materials and followed his advice to give her imagination free rein. The result was a painting of "flying cyclamens", one of the earliest to be sold at her own first exhibition a year later.

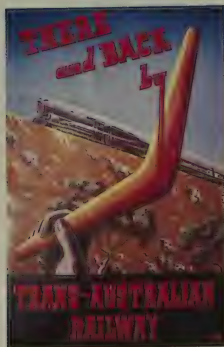
Since then Fleur Cowles has gone on to develop a style which has been described as "Magic Realism". She first started to include her hallmark, wild cats, in her paintings when her husband introduced an Abyssinian cat into their London home. In her works tiny animals clutch or hide among giant, overblown flowers; tigers lounge in flower-filled riverboats; vividly-coloured plants tower over birds, butterflies and jungle beasts; hippopotamuses, elephants and unicorns perch in trees and outsized flowers, alongside birds and monkeys; a fantasy world of docile creatures living in harmony with idealised landscapes, as shown here in her *Rock Garden* paintings. The subjects of many of her pictures have been transferred to Limoges dinnerware and transformed into limited-edition bone china figurines.

Fleur is unusual in that she eschews easel, palette and studio, preferring to balance her paintings on her lap and take the paint straight on to her brush from the tube. Her technique is to paint with acrylics directly on to the surface, making no preliminary drawings. She does not require solitude or silence while she paints; indeed she prefers to have friends around her in her chocolate-brown library.

Her work has taken her all over the world. She was "roving ambassador" during the years 1950-54 in both President Truman's and President Eisenhower's terms of office, and in this capacity attended the Queen's coronation in 1953.

In addition to her painting, Fleur Cowles—who was at one time associate editor of *Look* magazine and editor-in-chief of *Flair*—is the author of several books, including an authorised biography of Salvador Dali. Her latest publication, *An Artist's Journey* (Collins, £20), is in part an autobiographical account of her life as an artist and her memories of artists she has known, from Graham Sutherland and Henry Moore to Pablo Picasso and Georges Braque, and in part a collection of 48 of her own paintings—an insight into her unique fantasy world.





The Indian-Pacific cuts a swathe through the massive Nullarbor Plain, and crosses hundreds of miles of flat, sheep and wheat country such as Condonbiri, right, in western New South Wales.

When Christine Osborne travelled 4,348 kilometres across Australia on the Indian-Pacific she met some down-to-earth characters and had the opportunity to see some of the country's most remote mining centres.

Here, in words and pictures, she takes a journey across the great emptiness of the Nullarbor Plain.

Never travel all the way across Australia without getting off the train. It is 4,348 kilometres from Perth to Sydney by rail and, except in spring when the flat underbelly of the continent is carpeted with wild flowers, the first barren miles of the Nullarbor Plain—from the Latin meaning "no trees"—east of Perth look the same as the next. Barren.

But the other reason to break the journey is to see some of the outback. The Indian-Pacific railway passes through such colourful places as

Kalgoorlie and Port Augusta on its route between Perth and Sydney (departures three times a week in either direction).

With this in mind, I began in Perth, not on the Indian-Pacific but on a small train called the Prospector, the regular lifeline for Kalgoorlie and the sheep and wheat belt. My idea was to spend time fossicking in the gold-fields, before joining the eastbound service of the Indian-Pacific on its appointed day.

The first stage took seven hours as the Prospector rattled around the edge of the

Swan valley, tackling the gently undulating hill like a roller-coaster. East of Wallaroo the country flattened out, wheatfields gave way to spinifex grass and mallee (eucalyptus) scrub until finally the highest point on the horizon was an anthill.

Most of the passengers on the Prospector had been to the Indian Ocean to shop and surf. The woman who was sitting next to me had been to Perth (a 360-kilometre round trip) to buy tomatoes: the only shop in Cunderdin, where she

lived, charged AS3.50 a kilo, she told me.

We had tomato soup for dinner, followed by roast beef and sago pudding, served airline-style on a tray.

I spent the night in a motel on Hannan Street—the main thoroughfare in Kalgoorlie—named after Paddy Hannan, the Irish prospector who discovered gold there in 1893. The long avenue is still lined with the iron-laced pubs of the gold rush days, with their wooden verandahs. Cars with massive 'roo-bars are angle-parked outside

quaint shops, some of which have hitching rails for horses.

Within three days of Hannan's find on what became known as "the Golden Mile", Kalgoorlie had 700 inhabitants. Miners flocked in on foot and horseback, by cart and camel. By 1902 the town had a population of 30,000, served by 93 hotels and eight breweries. Today there are motels and take-aways but Kalgoorlie still exudes an atmosphere of bygone days when burly miners danced on the bar of the old Exchange Hotel and

gambled fortunes on two-up. Passengers travelling on the Indian-Pacific can join a Goldrush Tours coach for a spin around the town while the train changes engines and crew.

There was an air of excitement among passengers and crew joining the train. At 7am a siren sounded and an engine pulled 19 silver, carriages alongside Kalgoorlie's lengthy platform. On board were 142 first-class passengers and 100-odd—some of them very odd—people travelling in economy. Making



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my way along the zigzag corridor in Car 2, I found the bed in my single "roomette" facing the rear of the train.

Settling in, I looked out of the window and reflected on what it must have been like for the men building the Trans-Australia Railway when hundreds of navvies, using horses, camels and a few machines, battled their way across the inhospitable plain, which in winter crackles underfoot with frost while summer temperatures exceed a baking 50°C. Some of the men went mad, wandering away from the camp to be found, weeks later, mummified by the heat. Construction of the railway began in Port Augusta in 1912, using two and a half million sleepers and 140,000 tonnes of rail. A link-up with the western end from Kalgoorlie was finally made on October 17, 1917 and five days later the first passenger train completed the historic crossing.

The first-class passengers on my train were mainly elderly Australian couples who had been visiting relatives. Thirty veteran officers from the Australian destroyer *Warramunga* had been to a reunion in Perth. There were English and American tourists, a group of Japanese students, and a German who played the piano for 1,500 kilometres.

There was also Mr Maddern, seated comfortably in the lounge-car as though in the drawing-room of his home—and after 45 trips across the Nullarbor to sell

The Indian-Pacific crossing the great emptiness of the Nullarbor Plain.

"One day, it's a dustbowl, the next a quagmire," said an Aussie truck driver who was waiting for the train.



shoes in Kalgoorlie, I suppose that is how it felt. Asked the highlight of this lifetime on the Indian-Pacific, he thought deeply for several stations, before deciding that it was the night a passenger dropped his dentures down the lavatory.

Significantly, this happened near Rawlinna where the US Skylab dropped in 1979. The train stopped there long enough for me to run along the line and climb up into the great diesel engine driven by Bert Coad from Perth and Hilton Hinchcliff from Kalgoorlie. A driver on the Nullarbor for 38 years, Coad was squint-eyed from staring at the track. He threw a lever and the twin 1,500-horsepower engines roared to life.

Miles flew by in the barren landscape, punctuated only by the carcasses of kangaroos on the line. The driver's cab

reminded me of the bridge of a ship and, as in mid-ocean looking into infinity, I could almost make out the curve in the surface of the earth. I was set down at Nurina and returned to my roomette before the train tackled the "long straight", a point where the line runs across the dead heart of the Nullarbor, a distance of 478 kilometres. It is the longest straight stretch of railway in the world and the Indian-Pacific's siren is set to sound every 90 seconds in case the drivers fall asleep.

It took all day to cross the Nullarbor. At dusk we stopped to refuel in Cook. Passengers poked their heads out of the doors like rabbits testing the wind and, deciding it was safe, hopped down on to the station platform where a sign read: "Cook, Queen of the Nullarbor. Get



Coober Pedy, famous for opal mining, has a large population of migrants. In true Aussie fashion, Serbo-Croatian mine workers refresh themselves with cold beer at a miners' barbecue.

sick, our hospital needs you". The most densely populated town on the Nullarbor, Cook has 110 inhabitants, who live opposite each other on the widest street in the southern hemisphere, broad enough for a camel-train to make a U-turn. There is no entertainment; the only diversion is the arrival of the Indian-Pacific and the weekly "Tea and Sugar" train which brings supplies. Back on board, we advanced our watches two and a half hours to Central Standard Time. During the night we passed Kingoonya, the halfway mark.

Most railway sidings on the Nullarbor have lyrical aboriginal names. Kingoonya means "nardoo seeds", Mungala means "sand-hills" and Mulbooma means "wind". Lulled to sleep by the whispering wheels, I dreamed of ancient tribes finding their way along the trail. Early next morning we approached Port Augusta where I was getting off.

Most people visit the town to ride on the Pichi Richi Railway—a service operated through the Flinders Ranges by a veteran steam locomotive known as the "Coffee Pot". My own plan was to see Coober Pedy, the opal-mining town roughly 500 kilometres north-west, and return in time to rejoin the Indian-Pacific 48 hours later.

"Don't drive off the road, and make sure your tank is full. Glendambo is the last petrol station for 200 kilometres," warned the Budget car-hire girl, as she handed me the keys to a six-cylinder Holden Commodore.

I raced up the Stuart Highway at 180kph; there were few travellers and the only signs of wildlife were the

customary dead kangaroos. From Port Augusta via Alice Springs right to Darwin, the black road cuts through red dunes and shimmering salt lakes. Arriving in Coober Pedy at sunset, I noticed the desert sky was streaked with red like a fire opal. "Looks like rine," said the manager of the Desert Cave Motel which, like most of the town, is built underground.

Coober Pedy has produced 80 per cent of the world's opals since 1915. It costs A\$27 to stake your claim, roughly A\$10,000 to sink a shaft and almost everyone here is an opal miner—the butcher, the baker, and even the town dentist (who is said to have the best drilling equipment).

Coober Pedy (from the aboriginal *kupa piti* meaning "white man's burrow") has a large migrant population but it was an Australian who dug me out when I became bogged down in the bull-dust, and an old swagman on the road who warned me to keep an eye on the weather. The storm broke as I drove past Woomera on the way back to Port Augusta and locals there said it was the heaviest rain for nearly 200 years. "One day you come up here it's a dustbowl, the next it's a quagmire," said a truck-driver waiting for the Indian-Pacific to arrive in Port Augusta.

Rejoining the train, I was confronted by a South Australian fruit-fly inspector wanting to confiscate any Western Australian fruit. The border was back in Cook, I told him. "Don't expect me to live out there," he said, shaking a bag of apples and oranges.

The journey down the Spencer Gulf to

Adelaide took four hours. Arriving in this self-proclaimed cultural centre of Australia, we had 30 minutes' stopover while the big Australian National Railway diesels were uncoupled and a new pair attached for the journey to New South Wales. Now there were only 70 stations left before Sydney.

My dinner companions were two Swiss nurses doing a world tour, and Roger Rasmussen, a pensioner from Queensland who said he had been travelling by train for 16 days non-stop. Eligible for reduced rates, he spent his time riding round Australia, stopping only long enough to dry-clean his clothes and to buy another rail ticket.

The rest of the journey was an anticlimax by comparison, as it would be for passengers approaching Perth from the Pacific. Horse Lake, Bogan Gate and Bumberry—the New South Wales scenery switched from treeless saltbush plain to sheep and wheat and back again. Then the suburbs proclaimed Sydney and our arrival.

□ Indian-Pacific trains between Perth and Sydney depart three times a week in either direction. First-class accommodation in twinettes (with private shower) or single roomettes A\$780 per person, including meals. Journey takes about 65 hours, with three nights on the train. Reservations are compulsory. Information from Compass (GSA for Railways of Australia), 9 Grosvenor Gardens, London SW1W 0BH (01-828 4111). Christine Osborne flew London-Sydney on Philippine Airlines 747 service, via Manila (twice weekly) and Sydney-Perth on Australian Airlines.

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THE TREASURES OF APHRODISIAS

By Professor Kenan Erim



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Aphrodisias seems a long way from anywhere, but it is worth the trip for it is one of the most exciting archaeological sites in Turkey. Neolithic in origin, it was one of the major cult centres of Aphrodite and one of the great cities of the Graeco-Roman period. Its magnificence grows with every season of excavation. The author has been directing the excavations since 1961, and many of the dramatic finds on the site have been made by him. Here he describes the unprecedented amount of sculpture he has found, whose quality demonstrates that the sculptors of Aphrodisias were no mere copyists but artists of a distinctive school which made a major contribution to ancient art.

Among the innumerable classical sites that grace the landscape of south-western Turkey and those excavated in the Mediterranean basin in recent years, Aphrodisias has rightfully earned a reputation for the importance, abundance and quality of its discoveries. Excavation began in 1961, under the aegis of New York University, and the early seasons were reported in *The Illustrated London News* in 1962-63 and 1965. To date the site has yielded many significant finds, including many well-preserved architectural remains, hundreds of inscriptions and other artifacts, and unusual quantities of splendid sculpture from the Graeco-Roman period. During the past 28 years, many of the principal monuments of the ancient city have been explored, excavated, identified and discreetly restored.

Investigations in the temple of Aphrodite, after whom the city was named, have revealed evidence of a long history for the cult of the goddess going back to the sixth century bc. They also suggested that the building, whose 14

Left, with the excellent marble from the slopes of the Salbakos range, the craftsmen of Aphrodisias created highly sought-after architectural decoration as well as portrait sculptures. Right, a sculptured relief panel showing the emperor Claudius conquering Briennia—the personification of the Roman province of Britain. The work is part of the lavish decoration within the recently-discovered Sebasteion building complex.

columns still stand as a striking landmark of the site, was erected probably in two phases in the first century bc. South of the temple an attractive *adon*, or concert-hall, was brought to light along the northern edge of the vast *agera* complex, which consisted of two long porticoes that have also been partly excavated and restored. Concentrated work led to the uncovering of a large theatre that produced crucial evidence for the history of the city.

Among other structures, two bathing establishments, a graceful Tetrapylon (monumental decorative gateway) and several private and official residences were investigated. An unusual discovery of recent date proved to be the so-called Sebasteion (after Sebastos, Greek equivalent of Augustus), a striking building complex dedicated to Aphrodite and the cult of the emperor Augustus and his Julio-Claudian dynasty, and lavishly decorated with relief sculpture.

While these discoveries illustrated remarkably well the period of the greatest renown and pro-

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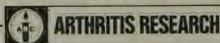
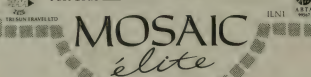
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sperity of Aphrodisias (between late Hellenistic times and the early Byzantine era, i.e., first century BC to the seventh century AD), archaeological evidence for a long prehistory dating back to the fifth millennium BC was recorded in excavations of two habitation mounds, or *höyük*, located at the heart of the Roman city. An unusually large number of inscriptions provided information for the reconstruction and illustration of the political, social, religious, artistic and economic history of the city as well as of its principal status under Rome.

A series of documents carved on the north wall of the theatre's stage building, featuring copies of decrees, laws and letters emanating from Roman leaders and emperors and concerning Aphrodisias, presented an extraordinary dossier of information for the Roman historian. The discovery and study of several inscribed fragments and graffiti and, above all, a tall pillar bearing a list of names accompanied by their professions, shed light on the Jewish community and its sympathisers at Aphrodisias.

The amount and quality of the sculpture unearthed was not entirely unexpected. A number of statues and sculpture fragments bearing the names of artists from Aphrodisias had turned up in Rome and many other parts of the Empire.

Most of these signed items had been dismissed as the work of mere copyists of Classical and Hellenistic creations, and even the unusual decorative and free-standing sculpture unearthed in the short-lived excavations undertaken at Aphrodisias itself in 1904-5 (by Paul Gaudin) and in 1937 (by Giulio Jacopi) failed to excite many experts. But in 1943 the Italian scholar Maria F. Squarciapino painstakingly collected and analysed the material, recognised its quality, labelled it as the output of a "school", and urged a re-evaluation of the artists' contribution to the history of ancient sculpture. Her conclusions led to a re-examination of their work and stimulated greater and more systematic searching at Aphrodisias itself.

The results achieved in 28 summers of work have been rich and conclusive, the sculpture ranging from portraits to mythological reliefs, statuettes to colossal figures. The exhibits and grounds of the local museum, built in situ through the combined efforts of the Directorate General of Antiquities and Museums of Turkey and the New York University

expedition, testify to the talents and versatility of the local sculptors. If only by its unusual quantity, the collection would justify the existence of a "school" here. The discovery of dozens of trial and unfinished pieces, including many "exercise" fragments of hands and feet, of a possible workshop area and several tools near the temple of Aphrodite must silence any remaining sceptics. Furthermore, to the 20-odd names and signatures collected by Squarciapino, many new ones can now be added.

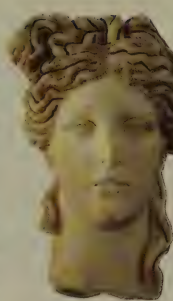
It is already possible to identify the main characteristics of the School of Aphrodisias, its chronological framework and some aspects of its contribution to ancient sculpture. In origin the sculpture was dependent on the availability of excellent marble, both white and blue-grey, along the slopes of the Salbakos range (modern Baba Dağ), barely a few kilometres to the east of the city. This proximity was equally crucial to the development of marble carving. Some archaeological evidence and observations indicate that the stone was already being carved during the late Archaic period, and surveys in the vast quarrying area have also revealed signs of occasional pre-Roman stone-cutting techniques.

But it was in the late Hellenistic period, as Aphrodisias developed from a temple site into a fully-

fledged city and favoured ally of Rome, that marble began to be extracted at a faster pace. The construction of the temple of Aphrodite in the first century BC must have required abundant material, and although it is plausible to assume that local stone-cutters did exist, more ambitious projects clearly demanded more sophisticated and skilled sculptors and architects.

One attractive theory suggests that such artists came from Pergamon. By the end of the second century BC, after the death of Attalus III, last king of Pergamon, their presence in that city was no longer needed, since the Romans, to whom Attalus had bequeathed his kingdom and treasures, were highly unlikely to maintain the royal artistic programmes. Some sculptors might well have been attracted to Aphrodisias by its superior marble supplies, and perhaps by commissions. In any event the privileged status of the city, its closeness to Rome, Octavian Augustus and subsequent emperors, as well as essential peaceful conditions in Asia Minor during the first two centuries of Roman rule, undoubtedly helped the development of marble-carving activities and the growth in the reputation of Aphrodisian sculptors.

It is not surprising that demands for their sculpture in Rome and elsewhere increased.



Above, colossal head of Apollo. Varied effects were achieved with different finishes. Carved documents providing crucial evidence for the history of the city were discovered in the theatre, below left. Below right, head of the young Nero—detail from a sculptured relief in the Sebasteion. The portrait sculptures are remarkable for their intensity.

Finished or semi-finished statuary, marble blocks, plaques for wall revetments were transported by ox-cart and by sea to their ultimate destinations, where Aphrodisian or local artists would perfect, complete, or repair their work. Even between the troubled third to fifth centuries AD, archaeological discoveries reveal that the quality of the school's production did not falter, despite the decline of civic life and eventually of the plastic arts. Aphrodisias as a centre of sculpture spanned close to six centuries, almost unprecedented a period in the history of ancient art.

Discoveries have shown that the most striking achievements of the Aphrodisians lay in portraiture. Whether of the early Imperial centuries or from the later periods of the fourth and fifth centuries, Aphrodisian portrait sculpture stands out among the best, especially in the intensity displayed by the late-Roman physiognomies. Another successful contribution by Aphrodisians was their handling of architectural decorations.

The combined use of different-coloured marbles was another Aphrodisian characteristic. Similar effects were also achieved on white marble through the use of different finishes: soft polishing of flesh parts, for instance, was often contrasted with the rasp finishing

of hair or drapery, thus creating different subtle effects of light and dark.

The Aphrodisians were true virtuosi with their chisels. Though they produced some statuary in Classical and Hellenistic styles they were not copyists. For instance, they created highly original relief panels to decorate the Sebasteion, as well as other sculpture that adapted earlier models for different purposes. In short, when their work echoed Greek or Hellenistic prototypes, there were freer interpretations, inspirations and even variations or collations. It is logical that they revealed an intimate but not servile attachment to the achievements of past master sculptors. Yet, their combination of idealism with an emphasis on realism and ornamentation was a typical feature of their own, which often led to a clear mannerism.

In many ways the Aphrodisians were the direct descendants of Hellenistic and, more specifically, Pergamene sculpture. Thanks to the ample marble supplies at their disposal, they perfected their craft constantly and asserted their skills by producing all kinds of sculpture that blended earlier sources of inspiration with trends, styles and techniques of the times in which they lived. It is right that they should be given a place of honour in the history of ancient art.



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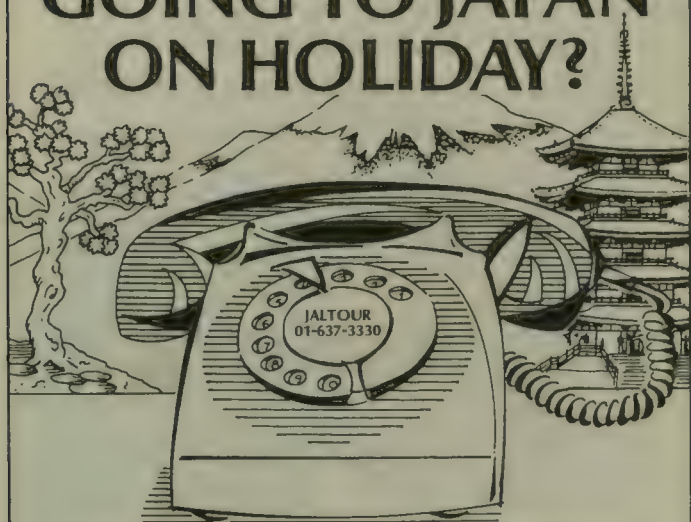
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MRS THATCHER: THE FIRST TEN YEARS

by Robert Blake
Historian of the
Conservative Party, life
peer and current editor
of the *Dictionary of
National Biography*, the
author reflects on Mrs
Thatcher's achievements
and political impact in
the light of Hugo
Young's new biography,
One of Us, published by
Macmillan (£16.95).



"One of us" with
"one of them."

It is ironical that this book should be published by the firm whose greatest figure was anything but "one of us"—indeed an archetypal "one of them". Of course there was a generation gap. But this is not the explanation of the divide in the Conservative Party which has edged out the tradition of paternalism and *noblesse oblige*. Some paternalists are younger than the Prime Minister, and some of her supporters older.

Nor is the division explicable by social and economic background any more than the last two great Conservative splits—Munich and Suez. Lord White-law, a traditional landowner, has been one of her most loyal supporters. Michael Heseltine, a self-made millionaire, has not. One could multiply examples. Politics turn far more on individual thought and feeling than on age, wealth and origins.

One of the many merits of this fascinating study in "contemporary history", for it is not just a biography that Mr Young has written, is that the author sees people as personalities, not as embodiments of political forces. And personalities do matter, witness Margaret Thatcher's real dislike of Christopher Soames and Francis Pym. As political correspondent of *The Guardian* the author can hardly be expected to have much sympathy with the Prime Minister's outlook, but he fully appreciates her single-mindedness, power, determination—and charm. Despite his recognition of these qualities on which she

prides herself, she will not entirely like this book if, improbably, she finds time to read it.

Hugo Young is a very able journalist. He has been "in on" a great many episodes of political interest. He "knows everyone" and bases his story on a host of personal sources, inevitably, for the most part, unattributable. The reader has to take him at his word. But this is always the way with historians of recent events. Journalists are better at this sort of thing than academics; that is to say serious journalists who move in society and are acceptable in London clubs—not the riff-raff of the tabloids.

The picture he draws of Margaret Thatcher is not the conventional one. He claims that, although she is a "conviction politician" with clear-cut purposes, she is well capable of using devious means to accomplish them. Undoubtedly a certain economy with the truth was exercised over some matters, such as the sinking of the *Belgrano*, the role of the Government in the miners' strike and the Westland Helicopter sale.

It might have been better after the Falklands war to have admitted that the *Belgrano* was sailing east, not west, and was sunk on orders from London. But she could easily have altered course and was an unquestionable threat to the British task force. The idea that the sinking was a

ploy to prevent a peaceful settlement is ludicrous. There was no chance of one by then anyway.

All Prime Ministers feel obliged on occasions to be less than candid. Think of Anthony Eden and Harold Wilson. What matters about Margaret Thatcher is not the tangled web over the *Belgrano*, the NUM and Westland. The broad sense of the country was in favour of torpedoing both the ship and the union, while Westland remains to most people incomprehensible. That was Michael Heseltine's major blunder. Like Lord Randolph Churchill a century earlier, he resigned on an issue that scarcely anyone understood and, like Lord Randolph's, his behaviour beforehand was so outrageous that those who did look into the affair mostly felt he deserved what he got.

What is important about Margaret Thatcher—and Hugo Young agrees—is that she really did articulate from 1975 onwards the anti-socialist outlook of a nation fed up with corporatism, U-turns and trade-union bullying. The dithering ineptitude of Harold Wilson and Jim Callaghan was the last straw. She pushed her revolution through with a nerve, courage and determination which none of her supporters could have rivalled.

There is a great deal wrong in England in 1989, but there was a great deal more wrong in 1979, and the change owes more to Margaret Thatcher than to any other single individual □

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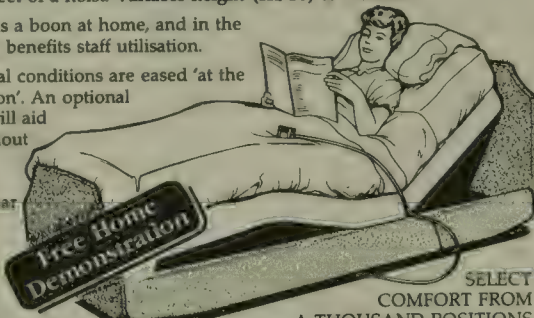


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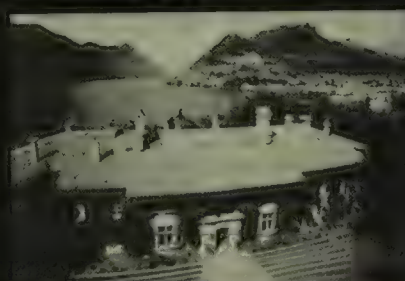
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A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO SOME OF THE MORE INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING EVENTS ARRANGED FOR THE COMING MONTHS

SPRING MATTERS

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears.

Aspects of Love. Andrew Lloyd Webber's lavish new musical, the tale of a young Englishman in love with a penniless French actress. With Ann Crumb, Michael Ball & Kathleen Rowe McAllen; Trevor Nunn directs. Opens Apr 12. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (839 5972)*. See "Aspects of Andrew" p42.

As You Like It. Most popular of Shakespeare's comedies, starring Fiona Shaw as Rosalind & directed by Tim Albery. Opens May 25. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821)*.

Bed. Jim Cartwright's latest work, commissioned by the NT Studio & directed by Julia Bardsley. Until May 2. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252)*.

Forbidden Broadway. Satirical Broadway musical, written & directed by Gerard Alessandrini, with Rosemary Ashe, Jenny Micheltmore, Simon Slater & Michael Fenton Stevens. Until May 20. *Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238)*.

Fuente Ovejuna. Lope de Vega's 17th-century tale of a Spanish village that rebels against its tyrannical military ruler, adapted by Adrian Mitchell. *Cottesloe, National Theatre*.

Ghetto. British première of Joshua Sobol's touching drama (adapted by Dávid Lan) about the inhabitants of a Nazi ghetto, & how despair was kept at bay by writing & performing plays. Directed by Nicholas Hytner. Opens Apr 27. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252)*.

Hamlet. Daniel Day-Lewis takes a break from romantic leads on the big screen to take on one of the Bard's most challenging roles. Also with Judi Dench & Michael Bryant: Richard Eyre directs. *Olivier, National Theatre*.

Hedda Gabler. Ibsen's masterpiece, with Juliet Stevenson as the woman forced to use her sexuality as a weapon. Howard Davies directs. *Olivier, National Theatre*.

Henceforward. Alan Ayckbourn's latest play (his 34th) asks the question: is life, let alone love, with a creative artist really worth the effort? Ian McKellen plays Jerome, a talented composer, & Jane Asher his estranged wife. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987)*.

Icecream. Caryl Churchill's new drama marks a stylistic departure from *Serious Money*, & explores the relationship between two couples, one British & one American. Saskia Reeves & Carol Hayman are among the cast. Opens Apr 11. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745)*.

Juno & the Paycock. Sean O'Casey's 1924 tragi-comedy of ordinary Dubliners caught up in the turmoil following the Irish troubles. Directed by Peter Gill. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252)*.

King John. Nicholas Woodeson plays the title role; Deborah Warner (whose production of *Coriolanus* won a SWET award) directs. Opens May 2. *The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (638 8891)*.

King Lear. Jonathan Miller directs Eric Porter, Peter Bayliss & Frances de la Tour in the first play of the new season. Until May 13. *Old Vic*.

Macbeth. London première for Adrian Noble's production, with Miles Anderson as the lead. Opens May 4. *Barbican, EC2 (638 8891)*.

M. Butterfly. Anthony Hopkins returns to the West End in David Henry Hwang's clever drama based on a true-life spy scandal, but interweaving elements from Puccini's opera. John Dexter directs. Opens Apr 20. *Shaftesbury, WC2 (379 5399)*.

The Man of Mode. George Etherege's "Restoration comedy with a heart" stars Miles Anderson & Simon Russell Beale. Gary Hynes directs. Opens Apr 13. *The Pit, Barbican*.

The March on Russia. Life in



ILLUSTRATION BY IAN HEDDS

England today, seen through the eyes of a retired miner who once marched into Russia. Writer David Storey & director Lindsay Anderson resuscitate their partnership. With Constance Chapman & Bill Owen. Opens Apr 6. *Lyttelton, National Theatre*.

Metropolis. Music version of Fritz Lang's film, stars Brian Blessed, Judy Kuhn & Graham Bickley (along with robots, transporter tubes & other futuristic props). *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (867 1118, cc 867 1111)*.

The Plantagenets. Adrian Noble's three-play cycle, *Henry VI, Edward IV & Richard III*, with Ralph Fiennes, Ken Bones & Anton Lesser as the kings. Opens Apr 1. *Barbican*.

Restoration. Revival of Edward Bond's savage 1979 satire on the values of Restoration comedy. Simon Russell Beale, Patricia Lawrence & Melanie Thaw are among the cast. *The Pit, Barbican*.

Richard II, Richard III. Derek Jacobi plays both monarchs in repertory, with Peter Postlethwaite, Malcolm Mudie & Malcolm Tierney. Until May 13. *Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 2294, cc 240 9661)*.

Roots. Simon Curtis directs Arnold Wesker's seminal drama of a woman who learns to speak her mind. Its 1959 "kitchen sink" naturalism was to be much imitated. Until Apr 25. *Cottesloe, National Theatre*.

The Royal Baccarat Scandal.

Royce Ryton's dramatisation of the Tranby Croft affair of 1890, based on the book by Michael Havers & Edward Grayson, stars Keith Michell, Fiona Fullerton & Gerald Harper. Val May directs. *Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832)*.

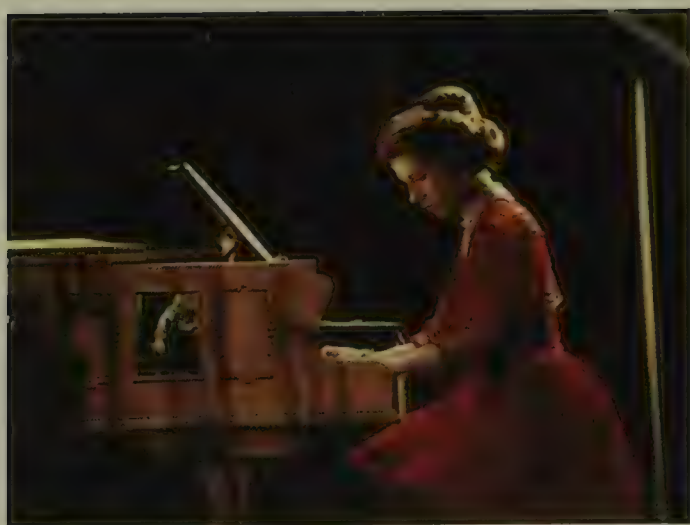
Run for Your Wife! New cast & new venue for Ray Cooney's ever-popular farce: Paul Shane, Windsor Davies, Richard Gibson & Carol Hawkins join the lunacy. *Whitehall, SW1 (867 1119, cc 867 1111)*.

The Secret of Sherlock Holmes. Spin-off from the highly-rated TV series, with Jeremy Brett donning the deerstalker to make elementary work of the most complex case Holmes ever faced. Edward Hardwicke co-stars as Watson. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (867 1116, cc 867 1111)*.

Single Spies. Alan Bennett's double bill: *An Englishman Abroad*, with Simon Callow as the spy Guy Burgess, & *A Question of Attribution*, with Bennett himself as Anthony Blunt. Prunella Scales co-stars in both. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166)*.

Speed-the-Plow. David Mamet's satirical view of wheeling & dealing in the Hollywood film industry. Stars Alfred Molina, Rebecca Pidgeon & Colin Stinton; directed by Gregory Mosher. *Lyttelton, National Theatre*.

Steel Magnolias. Jean Boht, Rosemary Harris & Maggie Steed head an all-woman cast in Robert Harling's



Juliet Stevenson plays Ibsen's tragic heroine Hedda Gabler. Peggy Ashcroft as a genteel house-owner fallen on hard times in *Madame Sousatzka*.

comedy set in a Louisiana hair salon. Julia McKenzie directs. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1* (437 3686).

The Tempest. Nicholas Hytner directs John Wood as Prospero & Melanie Thaw as Miranda in a production from last year's Stratford season. Opens May 25. *Barbican*.

To Kill a Mockingbird. Alan Dobie & Hildegard Neil in a play drawn from Harper Lee's novel. May 3-July 15. *Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4* (236 5568).

The Vortex. Maria Aitken & Rupert Everett star in Noël Coward's witty classic; directed by Philip Prowse. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2* (379 6107).

A Walk in the Woods. Highly-praised production on the theme of international arms negotiations has Alec Guinness as an old hand instructing young gun Edward Herrmann in the finer points of bluff & counter-bluff. *Comedy, Panton St, SW1* (930 2578, cc839 1438).

LONG-RUNNERS

Brigadoon, *Victoria Palace* (834 1317); **Cats,** *New London* (405 0072); **Les Liaisons Dangereuses,** *Ambassador's* (836 6111); **Me & My Girl,** *Adelphi* (836 7611); **Les Misérables,** *Palace* (434 0909); **The Mousetrap,** *St Martin's* (836 1443); **The Phantom of the Opera,** *Her Majesty's* (839 2244); **Starlight Express,** *Apollo Victoria* (828 8665).

OUT OF TOWN

RSC new season at Stratford. At the Royal Shakespeare Theatre: John Caird's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with Richard McCabe & David Troughton, Apr 11-Aug 24; *Hamlet*, directed by Ron Daniels: Mark Rylance in the title role, Apr 26-Sept 2. At the Swan Theatre: *Romeo & Juliet*, with Mark Rylance & Georgia Slowe, directed by Terry Hands, Apr 5-Aug 24; *Dr Faustus*, Barry Kyle's production with Gerard Murphy, May 10-Sept 2. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks, CV37 6BB* (0789 295623).

CINEMA

The following are the most interesting films showing in and around London in the coming months.

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen (PG). Terry Gilliam's overlong, overblown surrealist fantasy has Eric Idle, Jonathan Pryce & Oliver Reed battling with the (admittedly, breathtaking) special effects.

Betrayed (18). Controversial thriller stars Debra Winger as an undercover cop who falls in love with a white supremacist (Tom Berenger) suspected of murder. Costa Gavras directs, from a screenplay by Joe Eszterhas. Opens late Apr.

The Dead Pool (18). Clint Eastwood returns once more as Dirty Harry in the fifth film of the series, only this time the emphasis is on self-parody rather than gratuitous violence. It never quite works, but the car chase is one of the more memorable in the history of the genre. Liam Neeson & Patricia Clarkson co-star. Opens Apr.

Encounter at Raven's Gate (15). Australian sci-fi that starts promisingly, with a house left in smouldering ruins apparently by an alien attack, but which loses its way through confusing sub-plots. Fine performances from Steven Vidler, Celine Griffin & Ritchie Singer, but the special effects just aren't enough. Opens mid-Apr.

Haunted Summer (18). Beautifully filmed but vacuous account of the 1816 summer spent together by Shelley (Eric Stoltz), Mary Godwin (Alice Krige) & Lord Byron (Philip Anglim). Ken Russell recently made the most of the drugs & sex aspect in *Gothic*, but in the hands of Ivan Passer the story becomes a melodrama of self-obsessed aesthetes. As pretty as a picture—and as flat. Opens early Apr.

Madame Sousatzka (PG). John Schlesinger back on form with this sentimental tale of an old-fashioned piano tutor—played with enormous verve by Shirley Maclaine—and the relationship she develops with her

latest protégé (Navin Chowdhry). Very predictable, but made with such charm that one hardly notices. Peggy Ashcroft & Twiggy also appear.

Mississippi Burning (18). In the Deep South in 1964, two FBI agents (brilliantly played by Gene Hackman & Willem Dafoe) track down the Ku-Klux-Klan killers of three civil rights workers. Tense, menacing & thought-provoking, British director Alan Parker (*Angel Heart*, *Birdy*) has once more shown he is a film-maker of calibre. Expected mid-Apr.

Return from the River Kwai (15). Turgid sequel to David Lean's 1957 (fictionalised) classic purports to tell the true story of the transportation of POWs to Japan from the notorious Burma railway in 1945. Denholm Elliott, Edward Fox & Tatsuya Nakadai are among a fine cast wasted by stereotyping. Opens early Apr.

The Serpent & the Rainbow (18). Latest journey into the macabre from Wes Craven (*Nightmare on Elm Street*) is a voodoo chiller set in Haiti. Opens Apr 21.

Tequila Sunrise (15). Cult screenwriter Robert Towne's complex romantic thriller stars Mel Gibson as a drug-runner & Kurt Russell as a cop who also happens to be his best friend. The chemistry between them is well-observed, but credibility is strained to breaking-point when both men fall for the same woman—Michelle Pfeiffer.

Torch Song Trilogy (18). Harvey Fierstein stars in the film version of his own Broadway & West End hit about the life & loves of a drag queen. Corny, camp, but above all funny; Anne Bancroft plays the Yiddisher mama who can't come to terms with her son's homosexuality. Opens in May.

A Tree of Hands (18). Not-altogether-successful adaptation of a Ruth Rendell thriller in which mentally-ill Lauren Bacall kidnaps a young boy, setting in motion a trail of disaster. The plot is too contrived to retain credibility & central performances from Helen Shaver & Malcolm

Stoddard do not convince. Only Paul McGann impresses as the violent step-father. Opens mid-Apr.

Without a Clue (PG). Sherlock Holmes spoof in which Holmes (Michael Caine) is a drunken idiot, while Watson (Ben Kingsley) is the real mastermind. Much funnier than it sounds, with some irresistible one-liners & cameos from Peter Cook & Nigel Davenport. Opens end Apr.

Working Girl (15). Mike Nichols's comedy-drama charts the rise of Melanie Griffith from secretary-bimbo to Wall Street whizz-kid. Despite pretensions to say something about sexism in the office, the result is a piece of cinematic fluff—something even the presence of Harrison Ford & Sigourney Weaver cannot remedy.

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Falstaff. Benjamin Luxon adds the fat knight to his distinguished repertory in a new production easier on the ear than the eye. Mar 29, Apr 1, 7, 14, 20. **Don Giovanni.** Jane Glover makes her ENO debut conducting this revival. Steven Page repeats his intense portrayal of the title role & Elizabeth Hynes makes her debut as Donna Elvira. Mar 30, Apr 6, 8, 11, 13, 19, 27, May 5, 10, 18, 27.

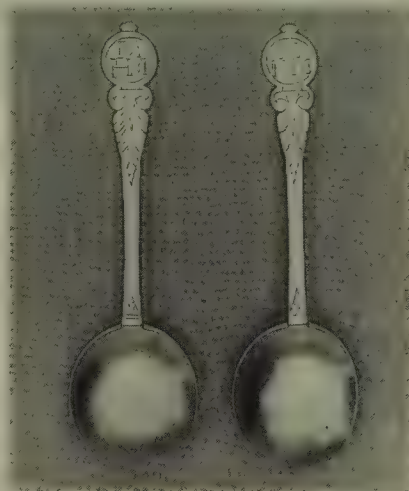
The Turn of the Screw. Worth catching for excellent new cast, headed by Robert Tear. Mar 31, Apr 5. **Eugene Onegin.** Jonathan Summers sings the title role, with Marie McLaughlin as Tatyana, in Graham Vick's new production, conducted by Mark Elder. Apr 12, 15, 18, 21, 26, 29, May 3, 6, 9, 12, 17, 20, 23, 26.

The Makropoulos Case. Josephine Barstow repeats her disturbing portrayal of the 300-year-old heroine, with Philip Langridge as Gregor & Donald Maxwell as Prus. Janáček specialist Charles Mackerras conducts. Apr 22, 25, 28, May 4, 11.

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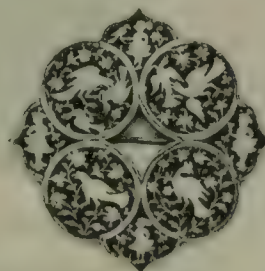


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The Mastersingers of Nuremberg. Alberto Remedios returns to sing Walther, with Gwynne Howell as Hans Sachs & Jane Eaglen as Eva, under Mark Elder. May 13, 19, 24, 30.

The Plumber's Gift. Première of David Blake's opera, the first of ENO's new commissions from British composers. The libretto is by John Birt-whistle, production by Richard Jones. Lionel Friend conducts. May 25, 31.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911).

Don Carlo. Dennis O'Neill sings the title role, with Katia Ricciarelli as Elisabetta, Samuel Ramey as Philip II. Richard Armstrong conducts. Mar 28, 31, Apr 3, 6, 11.

La clemenza di Tito. Colin Davis conducts, with Stuart Burrows as Titus, Carol Vaness as Vitellia, Anne Sofie von Otter as Sextus. Apr 10, 13, 17, 19, 21, 25, 29.

Albert Herring. Peter Hall's superlative production, originally mounted for Glyndebourne, conducted by Roger Norrington, comes to Covent Garden, opening appropriately on May Day. May 1, 4, 9, 12, 17, 23.

Turandot. American soprano Olivia Stapp sings the title role in Andrei Serban's production. Italian tenor Lando Bartolini makes his house début as Calaf. May 8, 11, 13, 16, 24, 26.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916).

La Bohème, Così fan tutte. Both staged by Peter Knapp for his Traveling Opera & providing a fresh look at familiar works. May 9-13, 23-27.

Eugene Onegin, The Marriage of Figaro. Staged by Opera 80 for their countrywide tour, which ends in London. May 16-20.

OUT OF TOWN

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA

Glyndebourne, Lewes, E Sussex (0273 541111).

Jenůfa. New production by Nikolaus Lehnhoff, designed by Tobias Hoheisel, the team responsible for last year's outstanding *Katya Kabanova*. Roberta Alexander sings the title role, with

Philip Langridge as Laca, Mark Baker as Steva. Andrew Davis conducts. May 19, 22, 26, 28.

Orfeo ed Euridice. Hermann Michael conducts this revival, with Diana Montague as Orfeo, Cynthia Haymon as Euridice, Deborah Rees as Amor. May 20, 23, 27, 31.

KENT OPERA

The Return of Ulysses, Fidelio.

Orchard, Dartford (0322 343333). Apr 20-22.

Fidelio, Peter Grimes, Ulysses.

Marlowe, Canterbury (0227 767246), May 2-6. Congress, Eastbourne (0232 412000), May 9-13. Theatre Royal, Plymouth (0752 669595), May 16-20.

OPERA NORTH

The Marriage of Figaro, Manon.

Grand, Leeds (0532 459351), Apr 3-15. Theatre Royal, Nottingham (0602 482626), Apr 18-22.

Manon, Boris Godunov, The Pearl Fishers

Grand, Leeds. May 5-13.

SCOTTISH OPERA

Das Rheingold. Richard Jones's highly-acclaimed new production.

La traviata. New production by Nuria Espert.

Don Giovanni. Jonathan Summers sings the title role.

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc041-331 9000). Apr 13-May 6.

Don Giovanni, La Bohème, Das Rheingold.

Theatre Royal, Newcastle (091-232 2061). Apr 4-8.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

Die Frau ohne Schatten. Exceptional revival, conducted by Charles Mackerras. Not to be missed.

The Seraglio. New production by Giles Havergal; Mackerras conducts.

La Bohème. Goran Jarvefelt's production, Michael Yeargan's designs.

Apollo, Oxford (0865 244544), Mar 28-Apr 1. Empire, Liverpool (051-709 1555), Apr 4-8. Hippodrome, Birmingham (021-622 7486), Apr 11-15. Mayflower, Southampton (0703 229771), Apr 18-22. Hippodrome, Bristol (0272 299444), Apr 25-29.

DANCE

London Contemporary Dance Theatre. Joined for the first time by the London Sinfonietta. New dance-works by Robert Cohan to music by Osborne, Henze, Britten & Katz. Apr 18-21. Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 8800).

Rambert Dance Company. Four programmes including: *Septet*, Merce Cunningham's poetic work; *Hymnos*, London première of Richard Alston's emotional piece; *Soldat*, Ashley Page's most recent work; *Strong Language*, Alston's 1987 hit; *Opal Loop*, London première by Trisha Brown; *Dark Elegies*, Antony Tudor's tragic masterpiece; *Embarque*, energetic piece from Siobhan Davies; *Mates*, by David Gordon; *Cinema*, London première by Richard Alston. Mar 29-Apr 15. Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916).

Royal Ballet. *Romeo & Juliet*, Kenneth MacMillan's much-loved version; dramatic designs by Nicholas Georgiadis, Mar 27, 29, 30, Apr 7. *Ondine*, Frederick Ashton's masterpiece; Ravenna Tucker in the title role, Apr 1 (m&c), 12, 14. Triple Bill: *Capriccio for Piano & Orchestra*, the company's first performance of Balanchine's upbeat ballet set to Stravinsky; *Enigma Variations*, Ashton's 1968 triumph; *Rhapsody*, Ashton's one-act ballet to Rachmaninov, Apr 4, 5, 8. *Swan Lake*, Anthony Dowell's gimmick-free interpretation, Apr 15 (m&c), 20, 22 (m&c), 24, 26, 27, 28, May 3, 5, 6 (m&c), 10. Royal Opera House, WC2 (240 1066/1911).

MUSIC

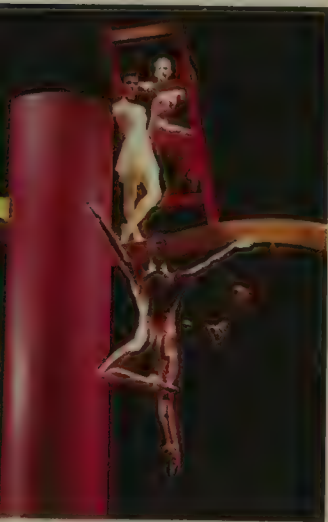
BARBICAN HALL

EC2 (638 8891).

London Symphony Orchestra.

Igor Oistrakh is the soloist in Violin Concertos by Brahms & Tchaikovsky in two concerts conducted by Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos. Apr 2, 7.30pm; Apr 6, 7.45pm.

English Chamber Orchestra.



Ballet Rambert perform at Sadler's Wells. Elizabeth Connell sings Cherubini's *Médée* at the Queen Elizabeth Hall. Contemporary art on sale at Olympia.

Jeffrey Tate conducts Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, Apr 4, 7.45pm. James Judd conducts Tchaikovsky & Bartók, Apr 11, 7.45pm.

Great Orchestras of the World: Cologne Philharmonic play Schumann & Beethoven, under Marek Janowski, with John Lill, piano, Apr 17, 7.45pm. Amsterdam Concertgebouw, under Mariss Jansons, Brahms, Sibelius, with Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich, piano, May 21, 3.30pm.

Kiri Te Kanawa Festival of Song: three contrasting programmes. Concert arias from Mozart & Strauss with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by John Pritchard, Apr 18; Songs & arias by Mozart, Strauss, Liszt, Granados, with Roger Vignoles, piano, Apr 24; operatic arias & popular songs, with the RPO under Carl Davis, Apr 28; 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. Richard Hickox conducts Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, with Rosalind Plowright, Linda Finnie, Arthur Davies, John Rawnsley. Apr 20, 7.45pm.

The Flight of the Firebird. Four concerts given by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Michael Tilson Thomas, focussing on the music of Rimsky-Korsakov & the other members of the "Mighty Five", all of whom are represented in the programme of the first concert on Apr 30, 7.30pm. Rimsky-Korsakov's opera *Plada* will be semi-staged with a cast that includes Makvala Kashrashvili, soprano, & Sergei Leiferkus, baritone, May 7, 7.30pm. Georgian bass Paata Burchuladze, bass, sings Mussorgsky's Songs & Dances of Death, May 14, 7.30pm. Music written by Mussorgsky & Borodin for the *Plada* story & Stravinsky's *Firebird*, May 18, 7.45pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Andrew Litton conducts three programmes featuring Rachmaninov's Symphonies Nos 1, 2 & 3, with works by Mozart, Bernstein, Copland, Ros-

sini, Gershwin, Corigliano. May 12, 16, 21, 7.45pm.

English Chamber Orchestra. Charles Mackerras conducts an all-Handel programme, with Valerie Masterson, soprano. May 17, 7.45pm.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 8800).

London Philharmonic & Choir. Simon Rattle conducts Haydn's oratorio *The Creation*. Apr 4, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia, Goldsmiths' Choral Union. David Atherton conducts Berlioz's *Roméo & Juliette*, as part of a series of concerts celebrating the bicentenary of the French Revolution. Apr 5, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. Three concerts featuring works by British composers Nicholas Maw, Robert Saxton, Simon Bainbridge & Brian Elias. Apr 8, 17, 23, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia & Chorus. Andrew Davis conducts *The Dream of Gerontius* by Elgar, to mark the centenary of the birth of Sir Adrian Boult. Apr 9, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia. Carlo Maria Giulini conducts Webern, Berg's Violin Concerto, with Salvatore Accardo, Beethoven's Symphony No 3. Apr 18, 20, 7.30pm.

The Art of Itzhak Perlman. Three concerts in which he plays violin concertos by Bruch, Beethoven, Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev & Brahms, under Michael Tilson Thomas. Apr 24, 27, 28, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Yuri Temirkanov conducts two programmes. Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninov, Rimsky-Korsakov, May 3; Dvořák, Mendelssohn, Elgar, May 5; 7.30pm.

Philharmonia, under Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, play Rameau, Lalo, Honegger & Chopin's Piano Concerto No 2, with Maurizio Pollini. May 11, 7.30pm.

Murray Perahia, piano. Beethoven, Rachmaninov, Schumann, Liszt. May 15, 7.30pm.

City of London Sinfonia. Richard

Hickox conducts Puccini's *Messa di Gloria* & Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. May 17, 7.30pm.

Alfred Brendel, piano. Mozart, Brahms, Liszt, Beethoven. May 21, 3.15pm.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. Seiji Ozawa conducts two semi-staged performances of Richard Strauss's *Elektra*, with Hildegard Behrens, Christa Ludwig, Jorma Hynninen. May 22, 24, 7.30pm.

GRAND HALL

Wembley, Middx (900 1234).

Stars of the Kirov & Bolshoi Opera. Three of the Soviet Union's leading soloists, Larissa Shevchenko, soprano, Alexei Steblianko, tenor, Sergei Leiferkus, baritone, in arias, duets & trios from Bizet, Borodin, Verdi, Tchaikovsky. Apr 29, 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank Centre

Mitsuko Uchida, piano. Schumann, Debussy. Apr 5, 7.45pm.

Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, under Gabriele Ferro, give a concert performance of Cherubini's *Médée*, with Elizabeth Connell singing the title role. Apr 12, 7pm.

English Bach Festival Baroque Orchestra, Singers & Dancers perform ballets & an opera by Rameau, in costumes from original designs by Boquet. Apr 27, 7.45pm.

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

EC4. Box office: PO Box 287, West Byfleet, Weybridge, Surrey (09323 45129).

London Festival Orchestra, conducted by Ross Pople, give the first of their Cathedral Classics: 22 concerts held in the cathedrals of Britain, with the choirs & organists of each. May 23, 7.30pm.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

SW1. Box office: Magenta Music, 64 Highgate High St, N6.

William & Mary Coronation Concert. Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra & the Abbey choir, with soloists, perform the same anthems as were given at the coronation of William & Mary in 1689. Apr 11, 7pm.

EXHIBITIONS

BARBICAN

Barbican Centre, EC2 (638 4141)

100 Years of Russian Art 1889-1989. Drawn from private Soviet collections, the exhibition traces the development of Russian art through such figures as Vrubel & Vasnetsov in the 19th century, & Malevich & Tatlin in the 20th. Apr 27-July 16. Mon-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm. £3, concessions £1.50.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3144).

Leonardo Da Vinci. Includes drawings lent by the Queen & a 36-foot model of a flying machine based on his designs. Until Apr 16. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm. £4, concessions & everybody all day Mon & after 6pm Tues & Wed £2.

INTERNATIONAL CONTEMPORARY ART FAIR

Olympia, W14 (486 1951).

About 150 galleries from 12 countries exhibiting & selling work (prices range from £10 to £500,000). The USSR is represented for the first time. Mar 30-Apr 2. £4, concessions £2.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

Work: photographs by Brian Griffen. Offbeat portraits of senior businessmen & media personalities. Mar 31-June 25.

PORTOBELLO ROAD CONTEMPORARY ART FESTIVAL

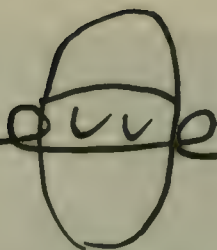
Portobello Rd, W10.

Thirteen recently established galleries display new works. Among them the Todd Gallery (326 Portobello Rd) shows a selection of striking & humorous sculptures by Tommy Lydon, using everyday objects. Apr 13-16. Information: 221 7592.

ROYAL ACADEMY

Piccadilly, W1 (439 7438).

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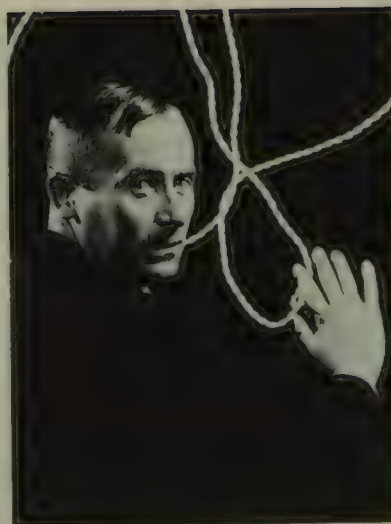
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Miró exhibition at the Whitechapel Gallery. Clowns convene for fun in Bognor

Queen Christina's coronation coach of 1650. Until June 18. Daily 10am-6pm. £3.50, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £2.40.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Cecil Collins. First major retrospective since 1959. Works featured are from the 1930s to the 1980s, & include the famous compositions with angels & fools—his favourite archetypal characters. May 10-July 9.

F. E. McWilliam. One of the most varied sculptors of his generation, much influenced by Surrealism in the 1930s, octogenarian McWilliam is still working with as much inventiveness as ever. A career retrospective. May 10-July 9.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. £3, concessions £1.50.

THUMB GALLERY

38 Lexington St, W1.

Aline Feldman, colour woodcuts. First London exhibition for this American artist who uses Japanese woodcut techniques to produce panoramas of rural & urban terrain. Apr 5-May 5. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sat 11am-4pm.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

Joan Miró: Paintings & drawings from the 1930s. First comprehensive display of Miró's work from this particularly important decade, marked as it was by his reaction to events in the Spanish Civil War & concurrent conversion to collage. Until Apr 23. Tue-Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm.

FESTIVALS

ALDEBURGH FESTIVAL

Highlights of the programme are a recital of French and German songs by soprano Jessye Norman, with pianist Murray Perahia; two concerts by the Tokyo String Quartet; a recital by the 93-year-old pianist Horowitz; & a performance of Haydn's oratorio *The Creation* by the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra under Simon

Rattle. Also talks, walks, films & exhibitions. June 9-25. Information: Aldeburgh Foundation, High St, Aldeburgh, Suffolk IP15 5AX (072 885 3543).

BATH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

Taking as its theme Echoes of Romanticism, the 40th festival explores the development of the romantic movement in music. Beginning with Haydn's *Trauersymphonie* & Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*, it progresses through works by Schubert & Liszt to Richard Strauss's symphonic poem *Don Juan*, performed by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Vladimir Ashkenazy, & a Berlioz programme given by the CBSO under Simon Rattle.

A further series celebrates the 40th anniversary of the Federal German Republic. Artists from that country taking part include Musica Antiqua Köln, noted for their interpretation of 17th- & 18th-century chamber music, the Melos String Quartet with Mozart, Haydn, Schubert & Berg, & the medieval music specialists Sequentia. Cellist Heinrich Schiff & the noted lieder singer Olaf Baer give recitals in the Guildhall. Also jazz, cabaret, Bath Contemporary Art Fair & an exhibition by the German artist Rebecca Horn. May 26-June 11. Box office: Century House, 4 Pierrepont St, Bath BA1 1LE (0225 463362).

BRIGHTON INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

A programme marking the bicentenary of the French Revolution & exploring its ideals in the contemporary world in talks, readings & entertainments. A Berlioz weekend features his monodrama *Lélio* & *La Damnation de Faust*, played by the CBSO under Simon Rattle, with Maria Ewing & Dennis O'Neill as soloists. New Sussex Opera will stage Gounod's *Faust*, & the BBC Symphony Orchestra, in an all-Liszt programme, play his *Faust Symphony*. Major symphony concerts in the Dome. Recitals by Alfred Brendel, piano, & Hugues Cuénod, tenor, in the opera house at Glyndebourne.



England v Australia: first encounters of the season. Bargain time on the last day of the Chelsea Flower Show. Pissarro's *Hyde Park* to be sold at Christie's.

Nigel Hawthorne & Loretta Swit can be seen in Jonathan Lynch's new play *A Private View*, which has its first performance at the Theatre Royal, & the National Theatre presents *The Misanthrope* by Molière. Rambert Dance Company brings two programmes, including a new work by Siobhan Davies, whose own company also gives two of the choreographer's ballets. There will be a visit from the Red Navy Ensemble of the USSR, a jazz festival, a literature programme, exhibitions of Picasso's ceramics & photographs by Lord Snowdon, & a centenary tribute to Jean Cocteau. May 5-28. Information: Brighton Information Centre, 111 Church St, Brighton BN1 1UD (0273 676926).

NEWBURY SPRING FESTIVAL

Raphael Oleg, French winner of the 1986 Tchaikovsky International Violin Competition in Moscow, plays in the opening Beethoven concert, given by the City of London Sinfonia under Richard Hickox. Other soloists taking part are Nigel Kennedy, violin, John Williams, guitar, & Gundula Janowitz, soprano, who sings Schubert lieder & Mozart arias. The Consort of Musicke perform a musical monument to Sir Philip Sidney. May 10-20. Box office: Suite 3, Town Hall, Newbury, Berks RG14 5AA (0635 49919).

SPORT

ANGLING

Sealink Classic Festival. May 7-13. Erne Waters, Enniskillen, Fermanagh.

ATHLETICS

ADT London Marathon. Apr 23. Greenwich to Westminster Bridge.

CRICKET

Texaco Trophy One-Day Internationals: England v Australia. May 25, Old Trafford; May 27, Trent Bridge; May 29, Lord's.

CYCLING

Milk Race. May 29-June 10. Westminster Bridge, to Birmingham.

EQUESTRIANISM

Badminton Horse Trials (White-

bread Championships). May 4-7. Badminton, Avon.

Royal Windsor Horse Show. May 11-14. Windsor Great Park, Windsor.

FOOTBALL

Littlewoods Cup Final. Apr 9.

World Cup Qualifying Round: England v Albania. Apr 26.

FA Cup Final. May 20.

All at Wembley Stadium.

GYMNASTICS

National Junior Gymnast of the Year. May 6. Wembley Arena.

HORSE RACING

Seagram Grand National. Apr 8. Aintree, Liverpool.

Whitbread Gold Cup. Apr 29. Sandown Park.

RUGBY LEAGUE

Rugby League Silk Cut Challenge Cup Final. Apr 29. Wembley Stadium.

RUGBY UNION

Pilkington Cup Final. Apr 29. Twickenham.

SNOOKER

Embassy World Professional Snooker Championship. Apr 15-May 1. Crucible Theatre, Sheffield.

SQUASH

Hi-Tec Sports British Open Squash Championships. Apr 8-17. Wembley Squash Centre.

OTHER EVENTS

Art History Book Fair, Tenth annual international fair by the Association of Art Historians: 200 publishers are expected. Apr 7-8. British Museum, Great Russell St, WC1. Information: 323 8525.

Chelsea Flower Show. May 23-26 (RHS members only May 23, 24). Royal Hospital, Chelsea, SW3. 8am-8pm, May 26 until 5pm. May 25 £14 (after 4pm £7); May 26 £10. Advance booking by credit card 0272 217107. Information 828 1744.

Christie's Sale of Impressionists.

Includes a rediscovered painting of Hyde Park by Camille Pissarro, painted during the artist's second visit to London in 1890, though the signa-

ture was partly overpainted when he returned to Paris. Apr 3, 7pm. Christie's, 8 King St, SW1 (839 9060).

An Evening of International Poetry. Rare opportunity to hear six poets from different countries reading their work (in the original & in translation). Among them, Willeh Rogge-man (Belgium) & Eva Lipska (Poland). Apr 1. £2.50, concessions £1.50. Royal Festival Hall Voice Box, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 8800).

Historians Talking: The French Revolution. Professor Ian Kennedy chairs a debate between a dozen top

historians, with questions from the audience. Apr 3, £3. Purcell Room, South Bank Centre.

London Doll's House Festival. Over 100 stalls displaying miniature houses, furniture & kitchen appliances. May 13-14. £2.50. Kensington Town Hall, Hornton St, W8.

Postman Pat's Adventures. Children's television favourite comes alive in his own stage play. £4.50, concessions £3.50. Apr 25-29. Grand Hall, Wembley Centre, Wembley, HA9 0DW (900 1234).

The Queen's Birthday gun salute.

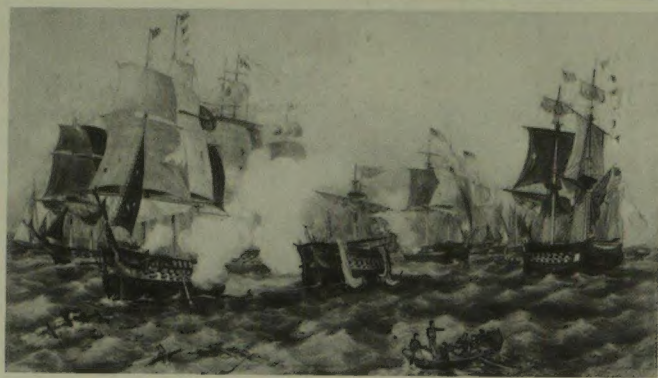
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A tinted lithograph, 13½ by 22¾ inches (34.75 by 57.75 cm.)
by J. Perry Newell, Newport, R.I., 1878.

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Apr 21, noon, Hyde Park, W1; 1pm
Tower Wharf, EC3.

Shetland Folk Festival. Ninth annual event held on the different islands. Visiting artists this year include the Kathryn Trickett Band, the Kipper Family & Zumzeaux. Apr 27-30. Information: 0595 4757.

Sotheby's Sale of British Rail Impressionists. Renoir's *La Promenade*, 1870 (estimated value £4-5 million) takes pride of place among the 25 Impressionist works that comprise the BR Pension Fund Collection—expected to fetch around £20 million in its entirety. Apr 4, 7pm. *Sotheby's*, 34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Westminster Antiques Fair. Fifty stands offering antiques & fine art,

mainly pre-1860. Apr 20-23. £3 (including catalogue). *Royal Horticultural Society Old Hall*, Vincent Sq, SW1. Information: 04447 2514.

OUT OF TOWN

Edinburgh International Festival of Science & Technology. Described as the scientific counterpart to the Arts Festival. The intention is to put the fun back into science (demonstrations include robots playing table-tennis). Apr 3-12. *County House*, 20-22 Torphichen St, Edinburgh, EH3 8JB. Information: 031-228 4756.

International Clowns' Convention. Various circus-type shows at venues all over the town. Apr 7-9. *Bognor Regis Centre*, Bognor Regis, W Sussex. Information: 0903 716133.

CITY OF LONDON'S 800TH ANNIVERSARY



Haydn Quartet Marathon. Leading musicians play all 83 of Haydn's string quartets in aid of famine relief. Apr 7-9. *Barbican*.

Commemorative walks: Medieval London & the first Lord Mayors—from commune to capital, Apr 8, 29, May 13; Life in medieval London, city of Dick Whittington, Apr 15, May 6, 20; 800 years of the City of London's famous Lord Mayors, Apr 22, May 27; 2.30pm. Start *Museum of London*, London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

Jazz at the Bridge. Bank holiday special with an all-star cast. May 1, noon-8pm. *Potters' Field*, south side of Tower Bridge, SE1.

Music, dance & drama. First of a monthly series of international performances in the City's open-air arena. British players present a version of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. May 2-5, 12.30-2pm. *Broadgate Arena*, Broadgate, EC2.

Verdi Requiem. Royal Choral Society concert in aid of the Lord Mayor's Charity Appeal & the Mental Health Foundation. May 14, 7.30pm. *Albert Hall*, SW7 (589 8212).

British Heart Foundation run/walk/jog. Participants run laps in the bed of the moat. May 17, 3-8pm. *Tower of London*, EC3. Entry forms from BHF, Langthorne Hospital, Langthorne Rd, E11 4HJ.

Dick Whittington charity walk. "Dick" and his "cat" walk from Whittington's birthplace at Pauntley, Glos, to Guildhall, EC3 in aid of Operation Raleigh. May 21-June 5.

Fairground organs in the City. The Cancer Research flag day receives musical support from traditional instruments in a variety of City venues. May 23.

Music & dance festival. Bank holiday event featuring dance & movement from keep-fit to ballet. May 27-29. *Barbican*.

Information correct at time of going to press.

The first Lord Mayor of London, Sir Henry Fitzwalwine, took office in 1189, in the first year of Richard I's reign. The City is organising a programme of events during 1989 to celebrate this 800th anniversary. Those planned for the coming months include:

800th anniversary photography competition. Entries are invited on the themes of "The Historic City" & "The Modern City". Closing date Sept 1. Entry forms from 800th anniversary office, PO Box 270, Guildhall, EC2P 2EJ.

Dungeons & Dragons Fun Day. Family day with games & shows for the under-13s. Apr 1. *Barbican*, Silk St, EC2 (638 8891).

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